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Vol. CLXXXIII No. 2392 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 24 1945

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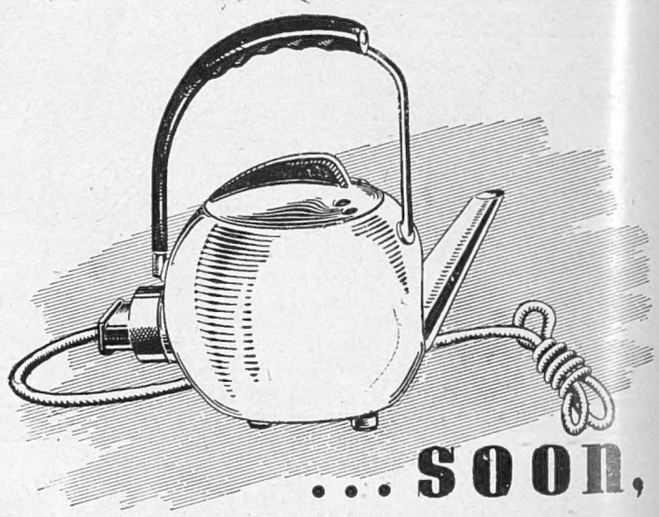

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Volume CLXXXIII No. 2392

The SPHERE, London, November 24, 1945

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BATTLESHIP "NELSON" RETURNS HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1941, AFTER A DISTINGUISHED CAREER IN EVERY THEATRE OF WAR: Above she is seen coming up the Solent with 2,000 officers and men on board for demobilisation from the East

The 34,000-ton battleship ended her war service a few days ago, when she arrived in Portsmouth Harbour after an 8,000-miles voyage from Singapore. During the six years of war *Nelson* has served in every theatre, ending up in the Pacific. From home waters she went to the Mediterranean, and she covered the landings in Sicily, Salerno and Normandy: she was formerly the Flagship of the Home Fleet, and then went out to serve as the flagship of the British East Indies Fleet. Two surrenders were signed aboard her—the first at Malta, and the second at Penang. When she arrived at Portsmouth it was the first time she had returned to her home port since 1941: on board were 2,000 officers and men brought back for demobilisation. The small photograph on the left was taken just after she had docked, when the first to leave the battleship were Vice-Admiral H. T. C. Walker and Captain C. Caslon

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Peace and the Atom.—

This is the subject of the hour *par excellence*, for everything else hangs on it. So I must go at it again. Second thoughts a little water-down my enthusiasm for the Washington pronouncement. For all its exact tabulation, it was not at first reading very clear; sometimes, indeed, it appeared contradictory. I confess I gathered from the air bulletin that the atomic bomb secrets *were* to be shared; from the Press it is clear that that is not so. The process (and the offer) is: first, adequate safeguards against the atomic bomb must be devised; then agreed. Then will follow an exchange of scientific information on a very strict basis of reciprocity—all scientific trumps to be laid on the table, whether atomic or even more fearful trumps. What, then, have the "Western three" done to woo back Russia to full and frank co-operation in making the world safe? They have asked her to join in swiftly securing the first stage. The trouble is, she has ca'd canny on that point *because* she is denied the secret of the bomb, which is the very last stage, if, indeed, a stage at all. To suggest that the declaration does not go far enough were ungenerous and, indeed, foolish. It could hardly go farther at this stage. It has gone far enough profoundly to influence, and please, opinion in the U.S., the first country to react. But only time can show—perhaps a few days—whether it will satisfy M. Molotov. The bulk of the American Press has been disinclined to flatter either Truman or Attlee. Rather it belittles them by comparison with the giants Roosevelt and Churchill, who in life and in power themselves were not always so lauded as they are now. But now, on the morrow of the declaration, Truman and Attlee are given the stature of great statesmen. Obviously, then, the talks have been as fruitful as they were short, and the declaration is a big move forward to end deadlock.

The One Issue for Mankind.—

You can build not even a house-of-cards on a void. You must have foundations of some sort. The men who made the atom bomb, the men who dropped it, the men who watched it burst, the men who to-day are "improving" it, all agree that if it falls again in anger it is the end of civilisation as we know it. Who then wants it or can want it for a generation at least? Not the *peoples* of the world. *They* have never wanted war, even when fought with bows and slings. All the peoples have been led to the slaughter without time or means to get together and rule it out. Can it be supposed that any leader of a State now living, with vivid memories of Hitler's rise and fall and the punishment brought on him and his people, can conceive of future war as worth a thought? I cannot think so. How does war come? From two causes: economic misery and international suspicion. Food for all and free exchange of ideas and facts should be the first priority for statesmen. At the moment only one thing besides hunger and misery is holding-up the realisation of the age-old longing of the peoples that walk in darkness. Russia's suspicion of the Western Allies is the crux. Mr. Attlee's plan—if it *be* Mr. Attlee's patent (for it is patent to many)—sounds simple, perhaps too much a simplification of a very difficult and abstruse tangle of issues old and new, but it is plumb on the bull's-eye. Men, even dictators, never directly *plan* war, not even Hitler. They toy with an idea which terrifies them as it terrifies all common men. They fail to outlaw the idea, and one day their self-pride, their flirtings, a pressure which themselves have set in motion behind them, pushes them over. While international suspicion, as deep as it exists to-day, remains, there will always be men who flirt with the dreadful harlot, even believing that they can break away at will, after using her as a lever for their ambitions.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CARDIFF: The Queen, on arrival at the Station, is met by the goat mascot of the Welch Regiment: The Royal tour of South Wales was carried out in order to express gratitude to the people in this area for their part in the nation's triumph in the Second World War. On their arrival in Cardiff the King and Queen were received by the Lord Lieutenant of Glamorgan, Sir Gerald Bruce, and by the Lord Mayor, Town Clerk and Chief Constable of the city. The Queen was specially interested in the Welch Regiment's mascot goat, which remained kneeling, with head bowed, while the National Anthem was played

Progress.—

The bitterest opponents of the Socialist Government—and perhaps there are some so to be described—must admit that the leaders are doing their best and speaking up with courage for Britain and for sanity. Mr. Attlee's speech before Congress and Mr. Bevin's review of the Jewish problem were both fine and frank expositions of British policy which has the backing alike of Tory and Socialist, Government and Opposition. I still hold that party propaganda is no duty of a Minister of the Crown, speaking for Britain, but Mr. Attlee, of course, was seeking to allay American suspicion of Socialism's anti-capitalistic, anti-private enterprise intentions. The problems of the day are too big, too elaborate, too much the concern of civilisation, for one nation to cope with them alone, even under a mandate. And mandates granted to one nation are out-of-date. Every step that brings America into the affairs of Europe and the Middle East is a right step. Every step that woos back Russia to an open co-operation with Britain and America in all and every problem which concerns security, settlement and justice for the nations is an essential step. For co-operation in planning settlements implies something much more important. It implies a mighty co-operation in sanctions, if those nations whose affairs are exhaustively examined and offered a fair settlement obstinately refuse to accept it from the Big Powers. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte.* True, words by themselves don't mean very much. But always words must precede actions and promises be cashed across the counter of democracy.

Oliver Twist.—

We must keep a sense of proportion in a mad world. Indeed we must. A world not only mad but largely bankrupt. Everybody wants more money. Why they need it, I do not know; since they cannot spend what is left to them of what they have; and as for saving it, they are deterred from that by the postponement of payment to the Greek kalends of their post-war credits, and by the shadow of the atomic bomb. But more money they clamour for and mean to have. The dockers, the miners, the clerks and the labourers, the M.P.s and now even the Peers. Yes, even the Peers. They take a serious view of, and pride in, their legislative functions, and they threaten to down tools if they are not transferred from the voluntary legion to the pay-roll. Their power to-day is very trifling. Their debates sometimes reach a high level. What power they possess they delegate to an inner cabinet of a tenth of their number who attend their deliberations. The majority are not to be met with in the Palace of Westminster. But they are opening their mouths for a *pourboire* and opening a very wide door. For what now of the Justices of the Peace, of whom a very much larger proportion are active and spend their valuable time on a very dreary duty? Who can resist the claim of the J.P., once the claim of the Backwoods Peer is met? Already any peer can get any day of the year a first sleeper reservation from Inverness, if he but murmur the words *House of Lords*. He need not go there. But who ever heard of a J.P. getting a privilege or a *pourboire* or anything but a trouncing from a grateful country? A very wide door! Social security (1945) means more money for all. Where it is to come from is a side issue.

So This is England.—

Mr. Priestley has returned to London after visiting Germany, Russia and Scandinavia. One gathers that all those countries, bond, or free, or freed, compare favourably with England—at any rate, with the Britain of the day's Press, an England all-grousing, quarrelling, doubting and fearing; an England without leadership, ideals, hopes or plans. Are things in truth as bad as they are depicted? I don't know. But I often venture to assert that unless a democratic Government takes the people into its confidence, and tells them all the good *and* all the bad that is fit to print, it will never get the people to co-operate in its plans and aims. And without that co-operation a Government might as usefully plan parlour games. It is *truth* we want, not Press rumour. Another aspect of life which troubles Mr. Priestley is more universal. I set it forth in a *cri-du-cœur* sent me by a correspondent; *not* Sir Alan Herbert; in point of fact, a Member of the other House of Parliament:

BALLADE OF BUREAUCRACY.

As our first parents in their mortal clay,
Reclined in Eden and admired the view,
No cares to irk them and no tax to pay;
Cain's mother craved no coupons for the stew,
While Abel's dad could quaff his home-made brew,
And if he chose, get comfortably tight:
Which is a whole lot more than we can do—
No doubt the Civil Service serves us right.

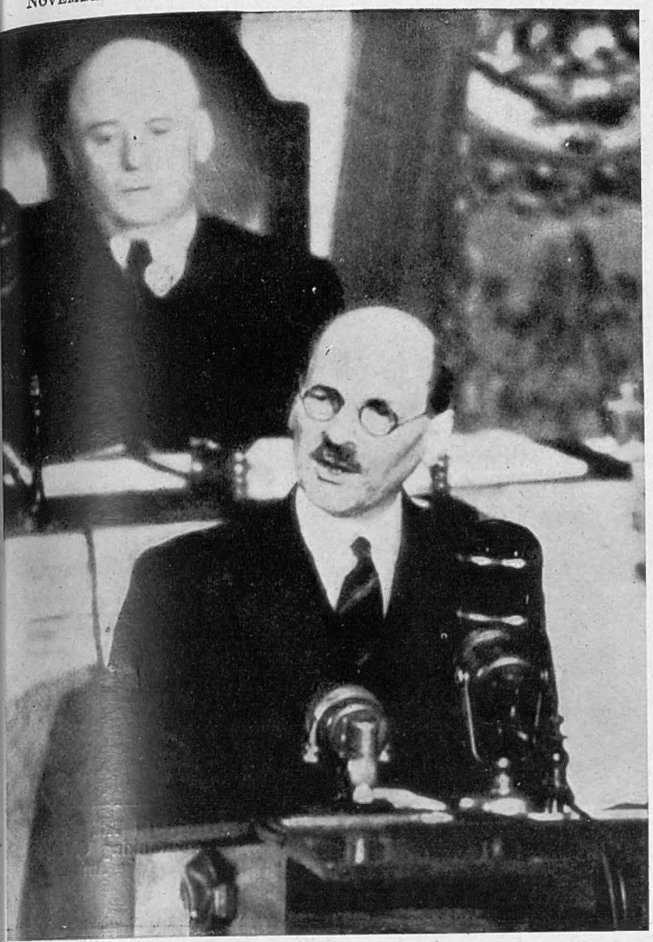
These parasitic hordes have had their day
In London, Bristol, Leeds and Sheffield too;
With half-baked regulations framed to sway
Our lives, nor give a damn for what is true,
Or what makes sense, but stick as fast as glue
To letter, not to spirit, and to write
White Papers legion, countless books of blue—
No doubt the Civil Service serves us right.

Must this continue till the "close of play"
When, at the Golden Gates, our latest Queue
Is formed; when we have ended mortal fray;
When Peter sorts the many from the few?
How will he liquidate this noxious crew
How make their future anything but bright?
Will he just say to Satan: "Passed to you"?
For this would serve the Civil Service right.

ENVOI.

Prince, is the future wholly dark to you?
Do you perceive no cheering beam of light?
Is there no potent course we could pursue,
Might serve to serve the Civil Service right?

THE OLD STAGER



MR. ATTLEE ADDRESSES THE U.S. CONGRESS: A picture taken on November 13. Behind the British Premier is Mr. Sam Rayburn, Speaker of Congress: In his address, Mr. Attlee outlined the purpose of his talks with President Truman and surveyed the policy of the British Labour Government. His speech was well-received throughout the States. The present Premier in this matter followed the lead of his predecessor, Mr. Winston Churchill, who addressed Congress during his visits to America in 1941 and 1943

JUST BEFORE THE MURDER OF GENERAL MALLABY BY THE INDONESIAN REBELS AT SURABAYA, IN JAVA—one of the first pictures from the island to reach London

The members of the "Republic" Cabinet are here seen leaving Surabaya after the agreement reached through Dr. Soekarno between the extremists and the British. In the foreground, a Japanese soldier is seen waving a white flag; getting out of the car is General Hawthorn and Dr. Soekarno. Leaning out of the car is Dr. Natta; and leaving the car on the nearside is Amir Sjarfosdin and an interpreter. Behind Dr. Soekarno one can just see the back of General Mallaby, who was murdered by the rebels that same night

LATE NEWS-PICTURES

From America, Java and Germany

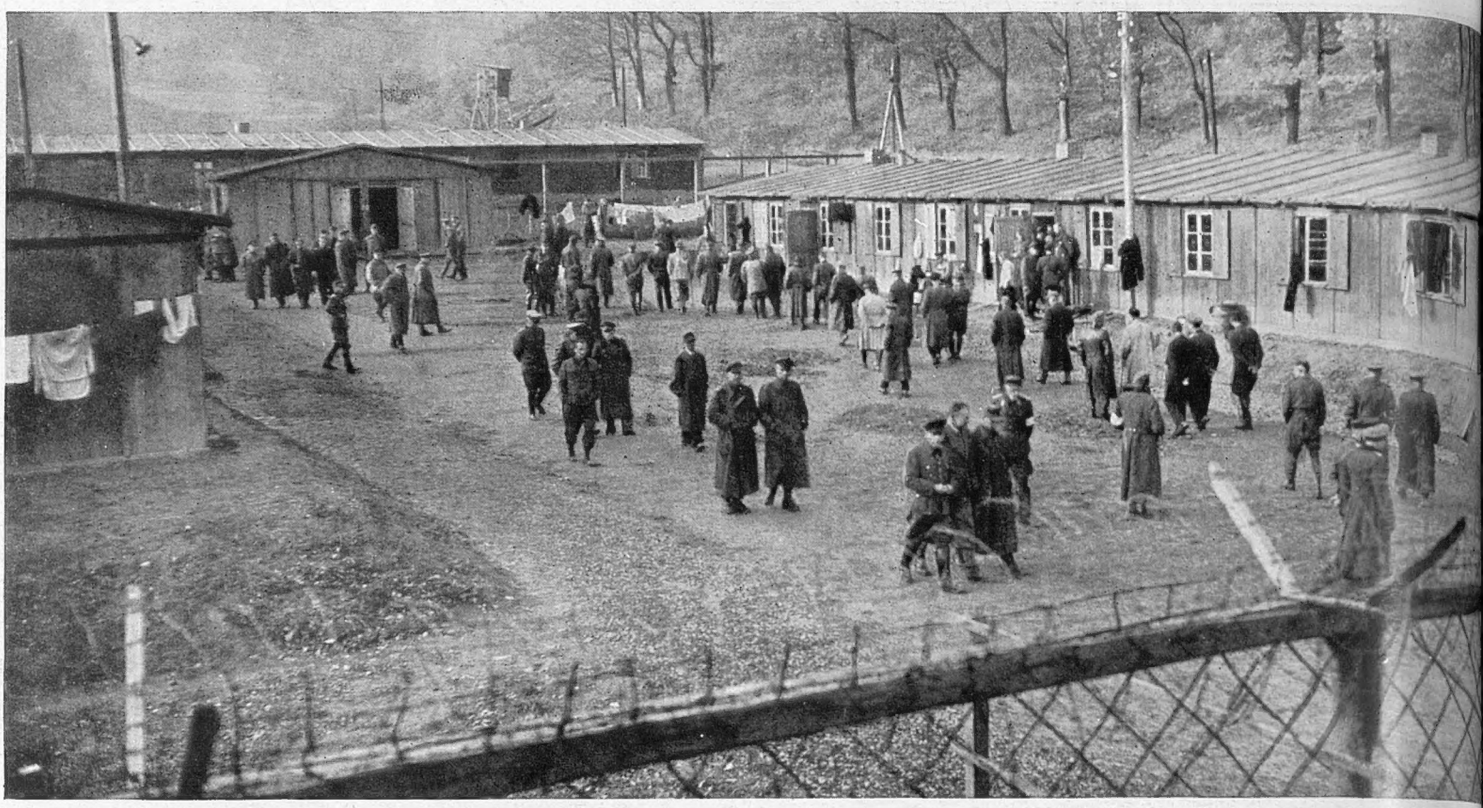
HITLER AND HIS "FAMILY," FROM EVA BRAUN'S ALBUM: Eva Braun is on the right. The two little girls are something of a mystery: one of them might be Hitler's own daughter

THE UNVEILING OF THE RUSSIAN MEMORIAL IN BERLIN: The wreaths from Stalin and from the British, French and American detachments which took part in the ceremony

HITLER AND HIS "WIFE," EVA BRAUN, AT BREAKFAST—a picture taken from Eva Braun's recently-discovered album

Eva Braun's treasure-chest, found by American officers on November 15, revealed Hitler "as a generous lover with Nazi loot and quite a family man." Eva's personal album contained dozens of photographs, with herself and Hitler in "family poses" with a mysterious baby girl, and in others with two little girls. One of the children is referred to as Uschi. There have been various reports that the couple had at least one child

The unveiling of the Russian Memorial in Berlin took place in the Tiergarten, near the Brandenburger Gate. Designed by Sergeyev, the Russian architect, the monument is a tribute to the soldiers of the Red Army who fell in the Battle for Berlin. Marshal Zhukov took the salute, and British, French and American detachments took part in the parade. A wreath from Stalin was placed on the steps of the monument by Russian officers. In the picture above, Marshal Zhukov is seen inspecting the British detachment, composed of men of the 2nd Battalion of the Devon Regiment, who, later on, placed their wreaths on the monument (*on right*)



ONE OF THE PRISONER-OF-WAR CAGES IN THE CAMP AT HERSFELD, which houses the highest-ranking German Generals and Admirals interned by the Americans

ADMIRALS and GENERALS in GAOL

The Hersfeld Camp, where Two Hundred and Seventy-eight Nazis are Now Held in Captivity by the Americans

The most interesting prisoner-of-war camp under Allied control is at Hersfeld, in the American zone in Germany, where no fewer than 278 Generals and Admirals, the cream of the German Army, Navy and Air Force, are now enforced guests. These distinguished members of Hitler's war-machine, some with many years of high service in the German armed forces, are now, as any ordinary prisoners of war, compelled to carry out all personal domestic duties for themselves, since they are not permitted the services of batmen or body-servants. They find that their early training at the highly-disciplined German training schools is standing them in good stead!

A SCENE IN ONE OF THE BUNKHOUSES, where the prisoners live in far-from-luxurious quarters: On the left is General-Major Erich Fiedler, active in German military circles since 1897, making a pair of wooden shoes for himself; to the right is General-Lieutenant Fritz Neidholdt, darning a pair of his socks; and General-Major Hans Fritzlaff. The last-named served with the Staff of Oberkommando No. 9; since 1943 he had been Replacement Inspector in Wehrkreis No. 9 Castle. He was an expert on the organisation of troops, tactics and replacement of men. Note the washing hanging from the ceiling

BARBED WIRE FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN THE VIEW AS THE GENERALS AND ADMIRALS PARADE THE EXERCISE GROUND: The huts in which they live are seen in the background. No batmen or body-servants are permitted to help them

GENERAL KARL THEISSEN, FORMER GENERAL OF ARTILLERY WEHRKREIS NO. 11, sewing some of his clothing in the bunk-room: He is a professional soldier and was a member of the German General Staff

THE PRIZE PRISONERS AT HERSFELD ARE THESE TWO SENIOR GERMAN GENERALS : On the left is General-Field-Marshal Wilhelm von Leeb; on the right is General-Field-Marshal Wilhelm von List. They are playing with cards made from old "K" ration boxes, in their bunk-room at the camp. Von Leeb, former Commander of Army Group "A" in France, was later switched to the Russian front; von List, former Commander of Army Group "C" in France when Germany invaded that country, had a disagreement with Hitler and was retired

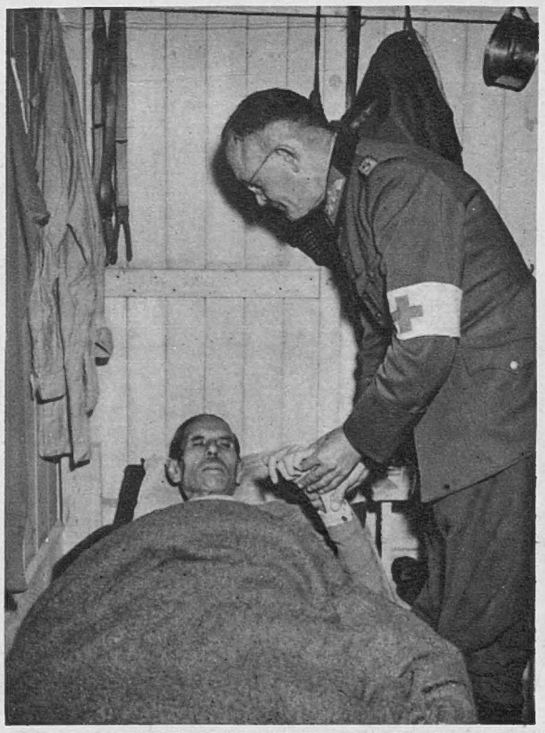
A TYPICAL GERMAN OFFICER : General-Lieutenant Rudiger von Scholer, who insisted on wearing his eyeglass before he would allow himself to be photographed at Hersfeld

GERMAN GENERALS CARRYING THEIR OWN BEDDING AND BLANKETS TO THEIR HUTS : All such work has to be carried out by the prisoners themselves

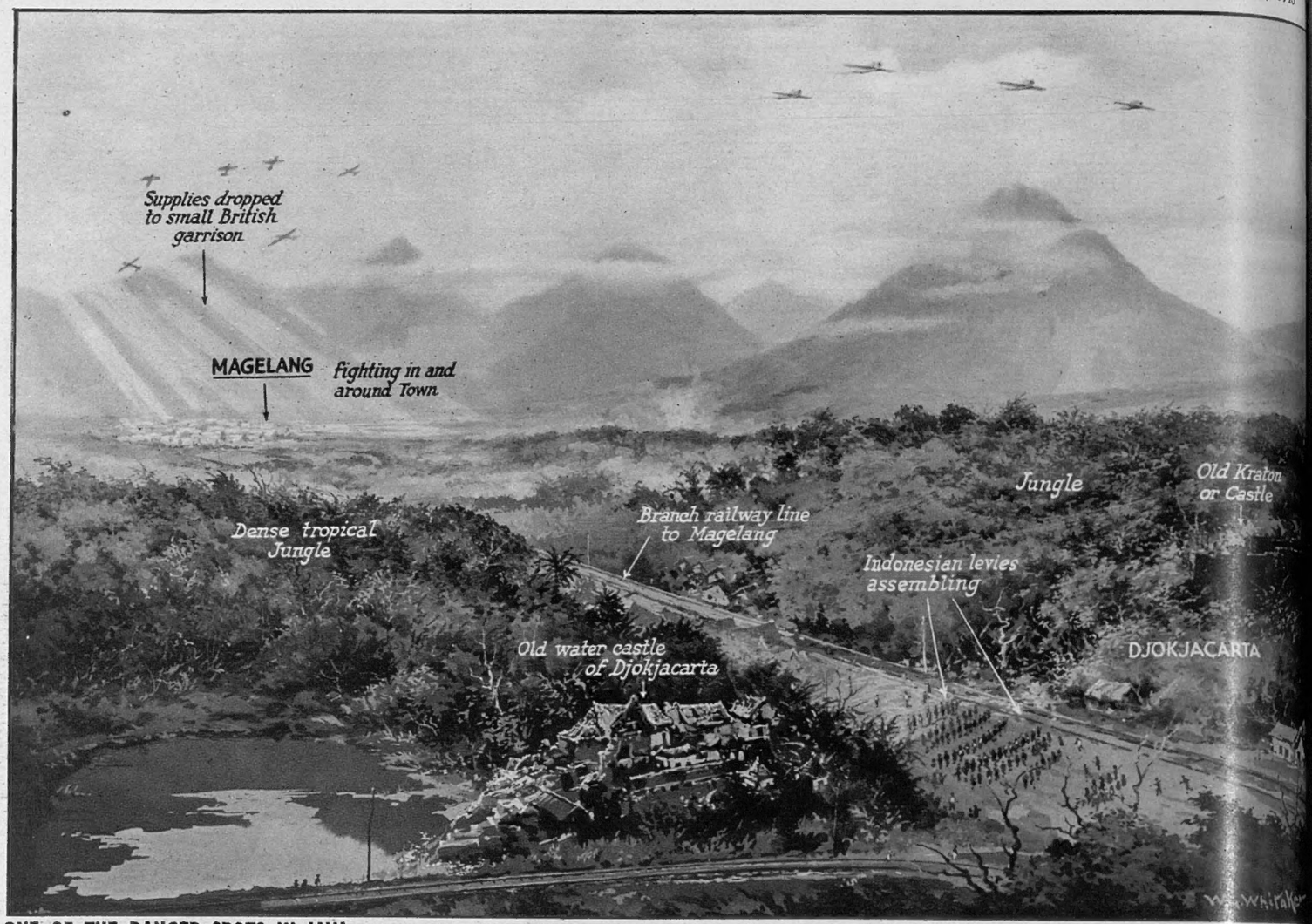
RETURNING TO THEIR QUARTERS AFTER A VISIT TO THE COOKHOUSE : The meals have to be fetched by the Generals and Admirals themselves, to be eaten in their living quarters. Old ration-tins are used as containers. He who does not attend the cookhouse parade does not eat!

THE AMATEUR DYERS : General-Major Erich Fiedler, who was removed from his command following the attempt on Hitler's life in August 1944, and General-Major Wilhelm von Kirchenpauer, wringing out a pair of dyed trousers. All uniforms must be dyed black by December 1

GENERAL-LIEUTENANT WALTER LORENZ, who was Inspecting Officer and Recruiting Officer of the Luftwaffe, hangs up a shirt to dry after he had washed it



WHEN A PRISONER FALLS ILL, HE IS ATTENDED BY ANOTHER PRISONER : Here General-Lieutenant Heinrich Winter, a patient in the P.O.W. camp hospital, is being examined by the camp physician, General-Lieutenant Dr. Paul Walter



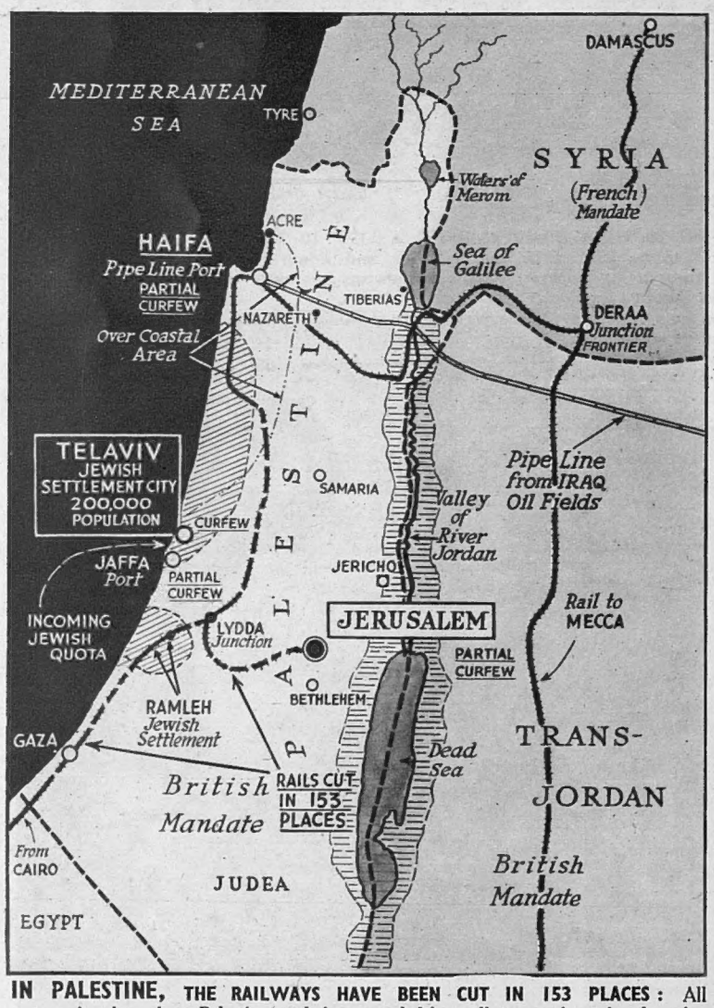
ONE OF THE DANGER SPOTS IN JAVA WHERE THE INDONESIAN REBELS HAVE BEEN GATHERING IN FORCE BETWEEN DJOKJACARTA AND MAGELANG IN DENSE JUNGLE COUNTRY: In this area communications on land are slender. In Magelang, a small British garrison has been reinforced from the air. Reconnaissance aircraft have reported that recruits are gathering in this region, and that drilling of them has been observed—*Drawing by W. Whitaker*

FOUR STORM-CENTRES IN THE NEAR AND FAR EAST

Java, Indo-China, Sumatra and Palestine

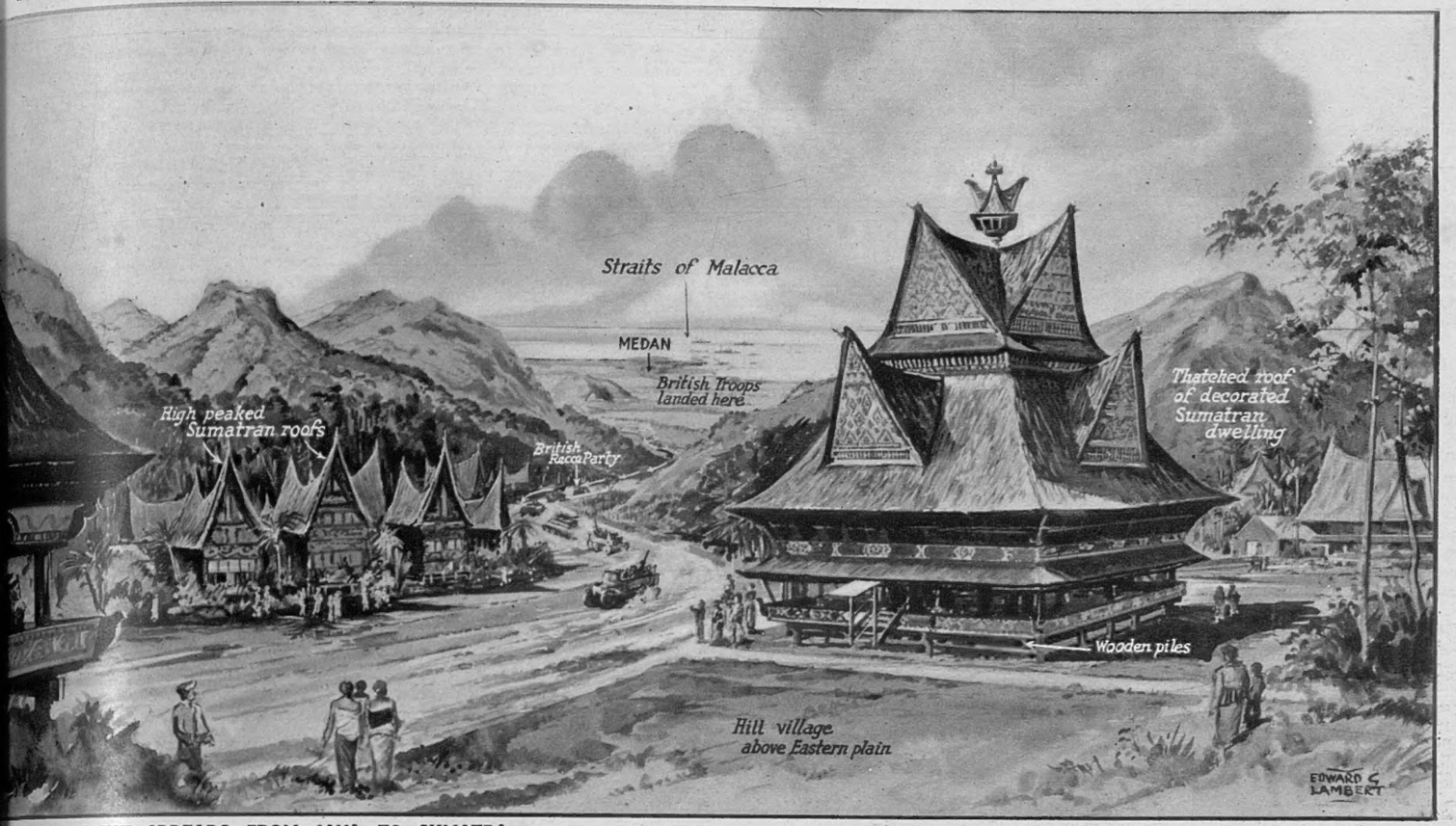
—*Special Sphere Drawings*

Throughout the Middle and Far East there is trouble. In four distinct areas British interests and British troops are involved, details of which are given in the drawings reproduced on these pages. In Java, greatest trouble spot of all, R.A.F. Thunderbolts have been ordered to stand by fully armed for instructions. Six of these Thunderbolts took off, with orders to "shoot to kill," for Magelang a few days ago after air reconnaissance reports that large forces of Indonesian troops had been seen moving northward from Djokjacarta towards Magelang, where fighting broke out recently. Djokjacarta is reported to be the headquarters of the Indonesian army, the place where most of their arms and ammunition are stored and troops trained. In this area the country is largely jungle, with but slender communications with the north. For the moment it would appear to be completely in the hands of the Indonesian insurgents.



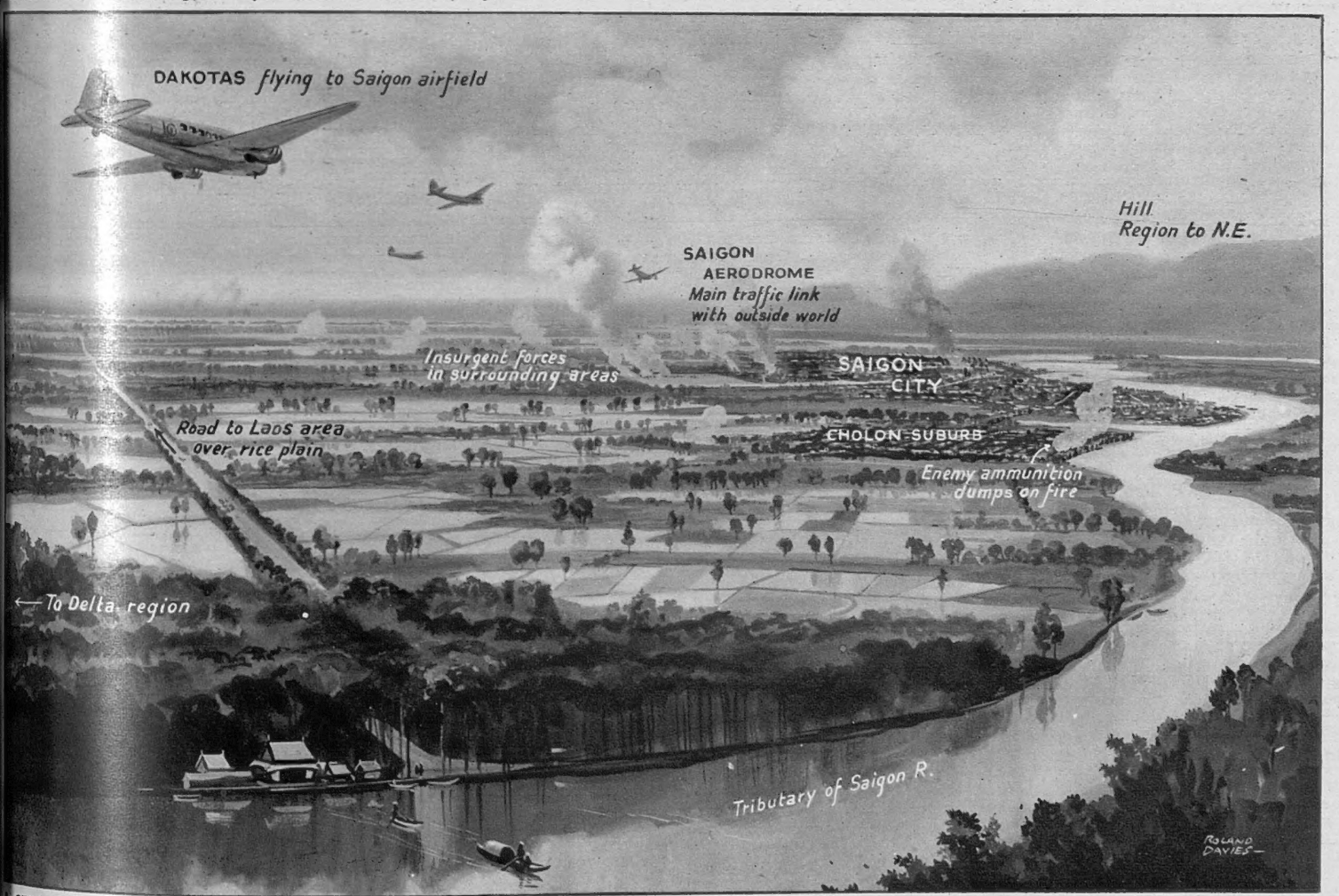
IN PALESTINE, THE RAILWAYS HAVE BEEN CUT IN 153 PLACES: All trains throughout Palestine are being preceded by trolleys carrying mine-detecting and lifting crews. New attacks on communications have taken place, however, and police communiques report further Arab-Jewish incidents. A few days ago the R.A.F. gave a display which is interpreted by some quarters as a warning to both sides of what will happen if Britain is forced to intervene to prevent civil war. They staged a demonstration of the latest aircraft and the latest air weapons—rocket projectiles, bombs, cannons and machine-guns

BRITISH TROOPS ENSURE THE FOOD SUPPLIES FOR JAVA: Despite dock strikes in Australia and elsewhere, there is considerable activity at Batavia, chief harbour of the Indonesian storm-centre. Guarded by British and Indian troops, essential food supplies are being landed and distributed. Among the British forces at present on duty are men of the Seaforth Highlanders, some of whom are seen in this picture being landed by the Royal Navy for occupation duties



VIOLENT UNREST SPREADS FROM JAVA TO SUMATRA: THE BRITISH LANDINGS AT MEDAN, ON THE STRAITS OF MALACCA, after officers had been fired on by natives. Sumatra is the largest island of the Dutch East Indies—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

News of the uprising in Java has had its repercussions in Sumatra, the largest island of the Dutch East Indies. Numerous attacks on British officers and various sniping affrays were reported from parts of the island, notably at Palembang on the south and Bencallen on the west coast. It became highly dangerous to make any movements on the high roads in the disaffected areas. An official British Army statement gave the news that a British medical officer and an unidentified companion were "stabbed and murdered" in the Palembang area. A second British officer, who was wounded in a stabbing attack by Indonesians at Benkoelen, escaped. The statement said that the injured officer was not in a condition to give a detailed report of the assault. The medical officer was killed while on the way to a Dutch repatriation camp. Following these outbursts of hostility, British troops were landed at Medan, an eastern port on the Straits of Malacca; these were recently reinforced. Its position is indicated in the above view, which has been taken from a Sumatran village overlooking the eastern plain. The houses are highly decorated and have curious, horn-shaped roofs. The tribes of this hill and mountain area are naturally turbulent, and certain areas have never been fully penetrated by Dutch authorities



A SERIOUS SITUATION IN INDO-CHINA, WHERE ALLIED TROOPS HAVE BEEN FLOWN INTO SAIGON, THE CAPITAL: The airfield at this town is the main link with the outside world, as the anti-French insurgents have been massing throughout the surrounding areas—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The situation in Saigon, the capital of Indo-China, did not improve during the later portion of October and early November. It was disturbing to hear of bombs being discharged in market-places and of active sniping in various parts of the city. The local cafes, with their little marble-topped tables reminiscent of Paris (just as Batavia recalls Amsterdam), were not such pleasant places as they had been. Local news told of 10,000 Annamites from the north swelling the numbers of the insurgents. Sporadic warfare broke out at numerous points, the roaming bands being variously armed with captured Japanese equipment and more primitive bows and arrows. At the time of writing, the whole city was encircled in such a way that a journey into the suburbs was fraught with danger. Naval craft were occupying positions in the river and at the mouth of the Saigon River. Every ammunition dump had to be destroyed. These set fire to some adjacent houses, but the spread of fire was prevented. Then Annamite forces made a sudden swoop upon the Saigon aerodrome and destroyed all the octane spirit supplies

BERLIN—RUSSIAN ZONE DIARY

A Story of Life in the German Capital To-day Under British and Russian Government

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWO hours after leaving British Headquarters, which are strewn over five small towns in an attractive, hilly Westphalian countryside that looks its best on a fine November morn, yours is the adventure of making contact with the legendary Red Army; and in my case, as we jointly returned the Asiatic sentry's salute after he had swung open the gate and freed the Autobahn above Helmstedt, thoughts went back to the last time I was among Russian soldiers. Thirty years before, and they weren't saluting then, but shaking their rifles in impotent fury as they tumbled helter-skelter before Mackensen in Galicia—the same Mackensen who died not far from Helmstedt the other day.

Whatever dangers lurk by night, and whatever the number of D.P. and other bandits in the surrounding forests, the 120 miles of Russian-held motorway to Berlin are significant for their lack of incident—almost of interest, save for the crossing of the Elbe. We sat back the more comfortably, having had a meal at one of those German mansions now given over to wayside clubs and messes. The German staff still waits attendance, and as you gaze round at the typical German wall decorations—antlers and heavy paintings—you wonder where are the owners and how they would feel about this usage of their board?

Except for the "Stork" children being evacuated from Berlin in dozens of German postal coaches, we passed hardly a hundred vehicles of all kinds, and not more than a thousand peasants, chiefly women, working in the fields on either side. Autobahns are dull things. An occasional battle-wrecked vehicle, a group of children bawling for cigarettes and chocolate, a recurrent blown bridge or crater, and what else is there? Autobahns are not only dull but dangerous, for their monotony sends drivers a-dozing and off into the wood. Nor are Autobahns economic, for the constant incitement to go all out, uses up the motor and cancels such saving of wear and tear as the smooth surface has achieved.

We felt entirely safe. Yet the Berlin papers next day told of a five-fold crime near Helmstedt the night before. Five males trekking from the Russian zone were told to shed their clothing, pile it, and lie face down in a quarry. Each was then shot through the back of the head. Their personal papers, clothing and money were wanted by the murderers, who decamped—whither? It will be some time before all bandits are dealt with in our zone, where they favour the hilly country round the five headquarter townlets, chief reason for the recent arming of some German police.

It is dusk as we cross an American strip and enter what is a Franco-British-American enclave deep in Russian-controlled territory. That is why I call this "Russian Zone Diary." Stay in British Charlottenburg; visit the French at Wedding; call on the Americans round Tempelhof; Berlin remains permeated by Soviet Russia. It isn't that you see so many Red Army men in the streets, as a feeling that the Russians have got the city, and, thanks to a succession of acts and more in store, don't intend others to regain ground lost at the start.

They shut others clean out for two months, during which they organised the wrecked shell according to their own plans. Berlin still has to-day "Moscow rations" (equal to wartime's lowest) for all Berliners; there are Russian-reared councillors and Russian-appointed block-guardians (as the Gestapo used to spy on apartment houses), though these have just been removed in the British sector, at least. The Russians removed one of the main rail tracks into the city from the West, with the result that we cannot feed our sector as we might. Not only that, but unaccountable train jams occur while the Russians are forwarding our trains. Can they be so inefficient? One day twenty-six trains were held up outside western Berlin.

Between Potsdam, and Grunewald we come across a glaring instance of Soviet sprawling. My companion points to a great wireless tower. "Berlin-Radio and in Russian hands, though it is situated right in the British sector. But they won't let us in even on a single broadcast."

Yet they are all smartness and even smiles as they salute our passage up the Kurfuerstendamm, which used to be Berlin's Boulevard des Capucines and is now a lightless canyon of shells of buildings which used to be "Berlin im Westen," ablaze in every sense. The correspondents' hotel, Am Zoo, is almost the only building capable of full use, although my room has crevasses and no curtain hangings, making for *la vie en grande publicité*. There is no more joint Press camping, the Americans keeping to their hotel and the French to theirs; and, of course, the Russians to theirs.

Breakfast showed the messing at the Zoo to be no mere flash in the pan. Yet the president assured me it is nearly all ration issue. Which makes you feel better beneath the gaze of elderly Germans who used to wait at renowned Horcher's and now get one meal a day at the Zoo.

Marks come easily. For thirty stored-up 2-oz. chocolate bars you will get £35. A bottle of Scotch brings £20, and German gin, £12 10s. Cigarettes were fetching half-a-crown apiece.

"The last of the loot," said one outspoken fellow, "is now being posted home." "Paintings, musical instruments, and household goods chiefly." All the cameras, wrist-watches and dachshunds seem to have gone—there is an eloquent absence of all domestic animal life. The fact is, little remains to be bought in Berlin, while stricter measures are now taken against the "unloading" of marks by those who have dabbled in the Black Market. They may be left with thousands, and a fear is abroad lest the Control Commission may suddenly call in the whole issue.

On my way to the Chancellery I mingled with the Black Market in the Tiergarten. It is barred to British troops, but correspondents may go in search of the facts of life. The winding market is just in our zone at the Brandenburg Gate. We criticised it when it was in the Russian sector, so the Russians said "All right—you have it" and shoved it over. Now we say it isn't worth stopping, and, anyway, the Russians are its chief clients. Discreetly I followed a female captain of the Red Army in and out of trees, where the furtive sales are made, and found she wanted shoes, gloves, leatherware and silkies. She refused to give 200 marks for silkies, but parted to that extent for shoes. She had a tough, fair, square, Slav face, was sturdily built, hit her high-boots with a switch, and looked formidable as she heaved her young self about. Marriage with her might be something of a conundrum.

The Chancellery is open to Other Ranks only on Sundays, a strange rule for a show place in the Russian sector—just in. We were a party of five Russians, one Serb and myself, guided by two Wehrmacht youths still in uniform. I was surprised by the immense lengths and heights of rooms and galleries, which took all of a half-hour's hard military striding. The whole place has been stripped and shot up, and I wandered in the shambles of a garden where every kind of thing has been thrown, and is now mouldering. There was no accounting for one item: a damaged bowler almost on the spot outside the bunker where Hitler and The Braun are presumed to have gone up in flames. The bowler, of course, recalled dictator Charlie.

When we got down to Hitler's own, ultimate bunker, the German guides said it was flooded, but the Russians would have none of this and began charging the massive door. There is something of the grown-up child in them still. What is to become of this enormous, Todt-built Chancellery? What is to become of most of Berlin?

Berlin theatres begin early, and I was only just in time for *Paganini*, an abnormal affair which will need to be less dark and gruesome on the screen. Afterwards to the "Tabora," a night club where Germany's lonely women foregather in the absence of their men, an absence which, in many cases, has gone on for years and may be for ever. One was glad to leave for the bigger "Femina," pretty awful, too, yet interesting as almost the last semblance of a life that was, to which these people still have access. This is a Russian rendezvous, though in our sector—as, indeed, most things are; without a doubt, geographically, *the* sector is our one.

On the way back to my Zoo home, it was like walking in a giant cemetery by night. You think of the thousands of bodies lying buried in the ruins on either side. A gigantic cemetery whose tombs have been looted: such is Berlin in the eeriness of curfew this winter. I lost myself another night on the way back from the "Embassy" Club, and decided to walk in the middle of the road. For if murders are frequent, criminals are apt to spring from ruins. Yes, Berlin is a creepy place to be lost in, when you reflect further that seven stations of the Tube below are still blocked with tens of thousands of bodies in a watery horror. Berliners being forbidden the use of their 4,000 gas-driven motor-crocks after dark, the streets are empty save for rare and rapid military vehicles. But, of firing, I heard none.

The tale is that Berliners don't walk abroad unless they have to, that they conserve their strength at home and even by keeping to bed. Well, this doesn't apply to the Russian sector, which is much more active and crowded than the others. One soon found out why. The Russians insist on everyone working, otherwise no minimum "Moscow ration." A lasting memory is of the "chain woman." Not chained together, but working shoulder to shoulder in a human chain, handing on bricks and rubble from high over the wreckage of ruined buildings. All types and ages and conditions, the "high born" trying to save her hands, to the raucous derision of a horny-handed workwoman beside her.

I got out at the Alexanderplatz and wandered towards the East End—Neukölln. This is really as far as one gets in the Russian zone, for, try as one may, there is no arriving in the countryside to the east, which has been split into thousands of small estates and would be worth examining. Maybe a British "comrade" will be allowed access, though the last I heard of one in Berlin, was not promising: he was complaining that it was no use even speaking Russian, since that made the Russkis more suspicious than if you were tongue-tied—as nearly everyone is.

FIRST PICTURES OF THE CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE OF THE ALLIED CONTROL COUNCIL IN BERLIN: Members of the British section at work on November 6. From left to right—Sir William Strang; Lieut.-General Robertson; Major-General Whiteley; Mr. Plum and Lieut.-Colonel Van der Vlier

THE RUSSIAN CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE AT WORK: From left to right—First Secretary Kudrian Tzev; Madame Wolfina; Army General Sokolovsky; Ambassador Sobolev; Councillor Ivanov and Major A. A. Kudriavtzey

Members of the four Powers—Britain, France, Russia and the United States—met on November 6 in the Allied Control Authority building in the Potsdammer-strasse, Berlin, as Co-ordinating Committee of the Allied Control Council to discuss matters relating to the government of Germany. Their findings have to be submitted to General Eisenhower, Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery and Marshal Zhukov for consideration and necessary action. The Control Council could reach no agreement on the proposal to amalgamate local German trade unions into a central organisation, as the French stood firmly opposed to Britain, America and Russia on the issue

AFTERMATH OF WAR

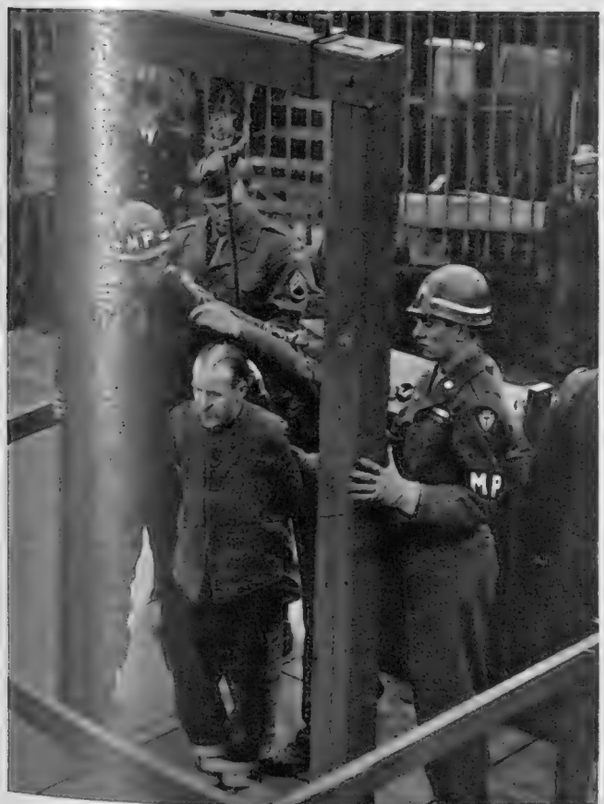
Pictures from Lapland, Norway and Germany

A TOWN BUILT OF PAPER IN LAPLAND: At Ivola, new telephone-poles have already been put up and paper tents erected on the site where once houses stood; only the chimney-stacks of the latter remain. A flat board ferry, pulled across the river by hand on a rope pulley, serves in place of a destroyed bridge

THIS PILE OF BRICKS IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM NEAR SODANKYLA: Each brick is worth to-day 200 Finnish marks, or about six shillings

THE FIRST THING THE LAPLANDERS BUILD ON THEIR RETURN IS THE SACRED "SUANA," OR STEAM BATH-HOUSE: In this each family live, until they can find time and materials to erect a better dwelling. Since there are no nails or tools, the logs are "cemented" together with earth

THIS IMPROVISED HOSPITAL, LIKE A MILITARY FIELD HOSPITAL, IS LOCATED AT INARI, IN LAPLAND, less than 100 miles from the Arctic Ocean. A travelling doctor is helping the nurses to perform an autopsy. Laplanders who were evacuated to Sweden and Southern Finland when the war hit their homes have returned to find that the Germans had left only chimney-stacks in place of houses, and twisted iron and rubble in place of buildings. Undaunted, the Laplanders have already set to work to rebuild their settlements; meanwhile, they are erecting paper tents in the devastated areas and effecting other improvisations until their homes can be rebuilt again



FIVE GERMANS ARE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF AMERICAN AIRMEN: Johann Seipel, first to be executed, stands on the trap-door of the gallows. Five German civilians were hanged at Bruchsal Prison, in Germany, on November 10 for the murder of six U.S. Army airmen who had parachuted to safety from a disabled aircraft near Russelsheim on August 26, 1944. They were found guilty of a violation of the laws of war when they were tried and convicted at Darmstadt. Three hours elapsed before the five murderers were all executed, one at a time, on the single gallows. In this picture Master-Sergeant John C. Wood, chief hangman, is placing the hood over the victim's head. Wood, who has now executed 299 persons, has deferred his demobilisation in order that he may be available to execute major Nazi war criminals who may be sentenced to death at the forthcoming Nuremberg trials

NORWAY IS HUNTING DOWN ITS WAR CRIMINALS AND COLLABORATORS: Five men in court at Oslo charged with a patriot's murder. During the Nazi occupation of Norway, a Norwegian lawyer and patriot, Kaare Shetelig, was arrested in his home at night by the Staatspolizoi. The next day he was found to have been killed on the road. After the Liberation, intense efforts were made to discover the murderer. As a result, five collaborators were brought before the Oslo Lagmannsrett charged with the murder. All of them admit that they took part in the crime, but each put the fault on the others. Here the men are seen in the dock: their names are Dambo, Holden, Host, Olsen and Westby

THE HANKOW PASS AND THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: THE COMMUNIST TROOPS SURGE ALONG THROUGH THE HISTORIC PAT-TA-LING GATE TOWARDS MANCHURIA. The region lies to the north-west of Peking: it is now being overrun by the forces opposed to the Chungking Government (See *note at right*)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

"CIVIL WAR" IN CHINA

The Conflict Between Nationalist and Communist Armies

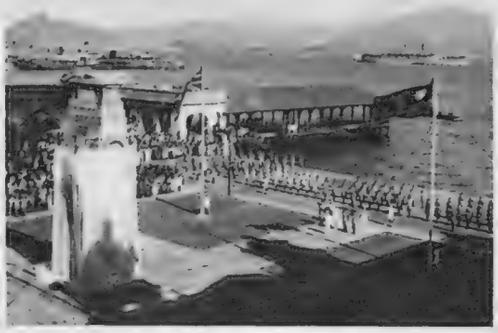
—*Special Sphere Pictures*

***On left*—35,000 CHI... GOVERNMENT TROOPS ARE CO... VEYED TO PEKING** and ot... **northern points by Americ... carrier-aircraft, passing o... the Communist troops... the ground: This operati... has given rise to pointe... questioning in the Uni... States, where charges are be... made of interference in Chi... internal affairs**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* During the last ... weeks of October a Chinese Nat... alist Army of about 35,000 me... transported by air from the sout... the Peking area. The city of Pe... itself (which has not suffered ... damage during the war) was at ... time surrounded by the Comm... Eighth Route Army, and the C... munists held almost complete ... in the rural areas—although ... influence in the cities was ... small. The aircraft seen in ... picture are huge Douglas C... their employment has called f... protests in the U.S., where ... Government have been accused ... interfering in China's internal ... The picturesque building on the ... of the above view is the famous ... historic Jewel Pagoda on the ... skirts of Peking: It is so ... because of the delicacy of ... ornamentation

On left—

During the years of Japanese thraldom over Northern China, which they ruled under a puppet government, the Communist forces, acting as guerilla troops, were constantly using the famous Nankon Pass, which was the great entry from the territory of the Mongols into the Plain of China. This narrow pass guarded the entrance leading from the grassy plains of Mongolia to the rich, crowded area of China, with its teeming cities and great rivers. The Ming Emperors had built forts and walls to defend the pass to keep out the Mongol Tartars, pouring down to ravage the wealth of China. From the walled town of Nankon the pass becomes more and more narrow, lying between lofty bare hills, across which the astounding Great Wall of China can be seen, built upon the ridges of the hills, sweeping up and down along precipitous edges, twisting and climbing in a marvellous and fantastic fashion. Temples perched on rocky pinnacles, with here and there a deserted fortress, are passed as the traveller climbs through the lonely pass, where there is no sign of life or any vegetation. At the northern end of the pass it becomes so narrow that the road is walled in by steep and sombre mountains on either side. It opens out at the Pat-ta-ling Gate, the entrance way through the Great Wall, through which one looks on to the hills and valleys of Mongolia. It no longer forms an effective part of the great defensive barrier, for the massive gates have gone, the guards which once thronged there have vanished, and the road lies open to all. From the gateway one sees something of the immensity of the Great Wall, the splendid marvel of architectural skill, sweeping on and over the heights, with battlements and towers clinging so precipitously that one wonders how the builders could ever have held on at their work. The grandeur of this incredible achievement (originally built 215 B.C.) amid the wild and lonely immensity of the scenery leaves an unforgettable impression. Through the pass and Pat-ta-ling Gateway the way leads not only to Mongolia, but eastward into Jehol and Southern Manchuria, where the Communist forces have massed and are now fighting at the eastern end of the Great Wall, with the Chinese Government troops recently landed at Chinwangtan

THE CITY FROM WHICH THE COMMUNISTS RULE NORTH CHINA : A street in Kalgan, which in recent months has become the second most important Chinese Communist political and military centre. Kalgan was captured by the Chinese Eighth Route Army on August 3, when the Russian advance in Inner Mongolia caused the local Jap garrison to flee. It has since become the seat of the Chinchachi Border Government, of which Sung Shao-wen is chairman. His Government now controls an area more than 600 miles athwart North China, with a population of about 40,000,000



VICTORY CELEBRATIONS IN HONG KONG : October 9 was chosen as the official Victory Day in Hong Kong, and dense crowds lined the flag-decked streets to watch the impressive pageantry. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt led the ceremony at the Cenotaph. Among the spectators were Lady Louis Mountbatten and Rear-Admiral Everett Buckmaster, of the U.S. Navy. Victory Day coincided with the Chinese "Double Tenth" celebration, and a civil procession followed the military parade

***Below*—THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF PORT ARTHUR : This was to have been a joint Russian and Chinese affair, but the Chinese do not now appear to be wanted !**—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Port Arthur, the famous naval harbour and base, lies to the north-west of the Korean northern frontier and is fed from the land by the South Manchurian Railway system. It was recently the subject of an agreement between the Chinese National Government and the U.S.S.R., in which Russian and China shared the assets of the situation resulting from the Japanese collapse in Manchukuo. All seemed to be amicably settled between the two claimants to the estate, but this happy state of affairs does not seem to have been destined to last for more than a few weeks. It is now reported that Russia has refused permission for the landing of Chinese troops both at Dairen and Port Arthur. In the drawing reproduced below, only Russian officers and men are visible, and only the Red Flag is being hoisted. The entrance from the sea is on the extreme left ; St. Abb's Head and the town and harbour of Port Arthur are behind the group on the left. In the centre of the view is Liautishan Mount (1,512 ft.), with the Port Arthur Dockyard area on the right

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LENINGRAD SOVIET, who has taken over the Government in the absence of Marshal Stalin : General Andrei Alexandrovich Zhanov, forty-nine-year-old Chairman of the Leningrad Soviet and Assistant Secretary of the Communist Party, is reported to have arrived in Moscow to take over the control of the Soviet Government in the absence of Marshal Stalin, who is recuperating his health in the Caucasus. Zhanov learned leadership in the October Revolution in 1917, when, as a young man, he commanded a Red Army battalion. He is as little known to the outside world as Stalin was when Lenin died, but in Russia he is immensely popular. At State celebrations his portrait appears side by side with that of Stalin, and he is regarded as Stalin's natural successor

THE OPENING OF THE REPARATIONS CONFERENCE IN PARIS : M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, welcoming the delegates of seventeen nations gathered in the Luxembourg Palace for the opening session of the Conference on November 9

Delegates of seventeen Allied nations have gathered in the Luxembourg Palace in Paris for the opening of the Conference which is to divide up the spoils of war in Western Germany. Two of the most important questions to be decided are : what types of war losses and expenditures are to be considered in weighing claims, and whether percentages granted to countries are to be overall ones or are to be broken down into different country-by-country percentages for each type of reparations

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A REVIEW OF FOREIGN NEWS

Recent Photographs from Many Quarters of the Globe

THE GOVERNOR OF BURMA RETURNS TO RANGOON : Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith greeting prominent Burmans. His Excellency the Governor of Burma, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith (accompanied by Lady Dorman-Smith), arrived at Rangoon on October 16. On landing they were met by Lieut.-General Sir Montagu Stopford, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, Captain H. J. Murphy, R.N. (Naval Officer in Charge at Rangoon), and Mr. T. L. Hughes. At the Cathedral, Sir Reginald and Lady Dorman-Smith were met by the Lord Bishop of Rangoon and the Rev. D. Moxon, the Deputy Assistant Chaplain-General of the South Burma District. On arrival at Government House the Governor inspected the Guard of Honour, which included personnel of the R.A.F. Regiment and the Burma Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. A seventeen-gun salute was fired from the grounds by the 27th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. Naval and military officers and prominent Burmans were afterwards presented to his Majesty's representative

THE R.A.F. IN BURMA DISPLAY AN INTEREST IN LOCAL EDUCATION
At the invitation of a Burmese schoolmistress, an R.A.F. research officer of Transport Command, accompanied by three clerks, visited an Anglo-Vernacular School among the banana groves outside Rangoon. They were surprised at the number of children who could speak English and even write a few sentences. The flying officer was N. C. Dunn of Orpington, Kent. He is seen standing on the right of the blackboard in this picture

THE MAN WHO STOLE THE "PEARL OF ASIA" is now on trial in Paris
The largest pearl in the world, the "Pearl of Asia," which was fished out of the Persian Gulf in 1628, has had an Arabian Nights history. In 1777 it found its way into the sarcophagus of Kien Long, Emperor of China : after many adventures it was sold to French missionaries. When Yvon Colette stole it, it was in the safe of the French Society of Foreign Missions in Paris. Colette said that he took it "to save it from Goering who coveted it." Being unable to sell the pearl, Colette finally hid it in the water closet of his room in a Marseilles hotel, where the landlord discovered it after a pipe had begun to leak. Colette is an untidy-looking Belgian : his wife is on the left in the picture above. Behind them, from left to right, are Maîtres Vesine-Larue, Guinard, Delaunay and Masso, the four barristers who will defend them

THE GERMAN WOMAN WHO EXHIBITS "MIRACULOUS WOUNDS": The strange story of how Germany's "Saint" peasant girl, Theresa Neumann (who suffers wounds similar to those found on the body of Christ), escaped from being slain by Nazi S.S. troops during Hitler's purge to wipe out Christianity has just been told by an American chaplain's assistant from New Orleans. According to his story, S.S. troopers sent to the Neumann home were greeted at the door by the girl with the Crown of Thorns wound in her head bleeding, and with blood dripping from her hands and feet and side. Terrified, the Nazis turned and fled and never returned. Theresa is 6 ft. tall and weighs 15 stone: she is not supposed to have eaten for seventeen years. The reporter said that he had seen and watched the girl during one of her "ecstasies," during which she stiffens and moans, with the blood slowly seeping from the "miraculous wounds"

THE REMNANTS OF THE JAPANESE FLEET anchored and useless in Kure Bay: This is all that remains of the once-powerful Japanese Navy. A few of the vessels are lying at anchor, while others are grounded in Kure Bay, Japan, where they were trapped and blasted by Allied air armadas. In the foreground can be seen two midget submarines alongside a larger vessel; in the centre are large U-boats and other warships

AN R.A.F. EXHIBITION IN WARSAW is opened by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas: In the National Museum of Poland, in Warsaw, an exhibition has been opened to show the people of Poland the part played by the R.A.F. in winning the war. Full credit is given for the work of those Polish squadrons which served with the R.A.F. after Poland had been overrun. The exhibition remained in Warsaw for a fortnight, and is now touring other cities in the country. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, the Commander-in-Chief, B.A.F.O., flew from Germany to open the exhibition, which he subsequently toured with the British Ambassador to Warsaw, Mr. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, and the C.-in-C. of the Polish Forces, Marshal Michal Rola-Zymierski

LORD ALANBROOKE AT THE CAIRO MUSEUM during his tour of the Middle East: On October 30, the day after his arrival in the Middle East, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke saw the relics found in King Tutankhamen's tomb, which are now in Cairo Museum. He was shown around the museum by Mr. Lucas, who is the only living person left of the party which took part in the Tutankhamen excavations. Later the Field-Marshal had an interview with the Egyptian Premier. Here he is seen with General Sir Bernard Paget and the Prime Minister, Mahmud Fahmy el Nokrashy Pasha

INDIAN SOLDIERS CELEBRATE "DASARE" IN SAIGON: A Hindu priest places the caste mark on the foreheads of the men at the opening of the Festival

Once a year the Hindus hold a festival known as "Dasare," the ceremonies of which may last from one to ten days. "Dasare" is opened by the lighting of a fire by a Hindu priest, whereupon selected celebrants throw on it offerings such as flowers and grains. The great moment is the beheading of a young male goat. In normal times as many as fifty goats would be sacrificed. The celebration shown in these two pictures was that held by the 1st Hyderabad Regiment stationed at Saigon. This year they were able to find but one goat. The fact that the animal's head was completely severed with one sweep of the kukri was taken as a sign of good luck for the battalion for the ensuing year. For "Dasare," the Indian soldiers decked their rifles and mortars with flowers, and in the course of ceremonies the priest placed the caste mark on their foreheads

DURING THE FESTIVAL, RIFLES AND MORTARS ARE DECKED WITH FLOWERS, and strips of bunting adorn the bungalows. The ceremonies last from one to ten days and culminate in the sacrifice of goats

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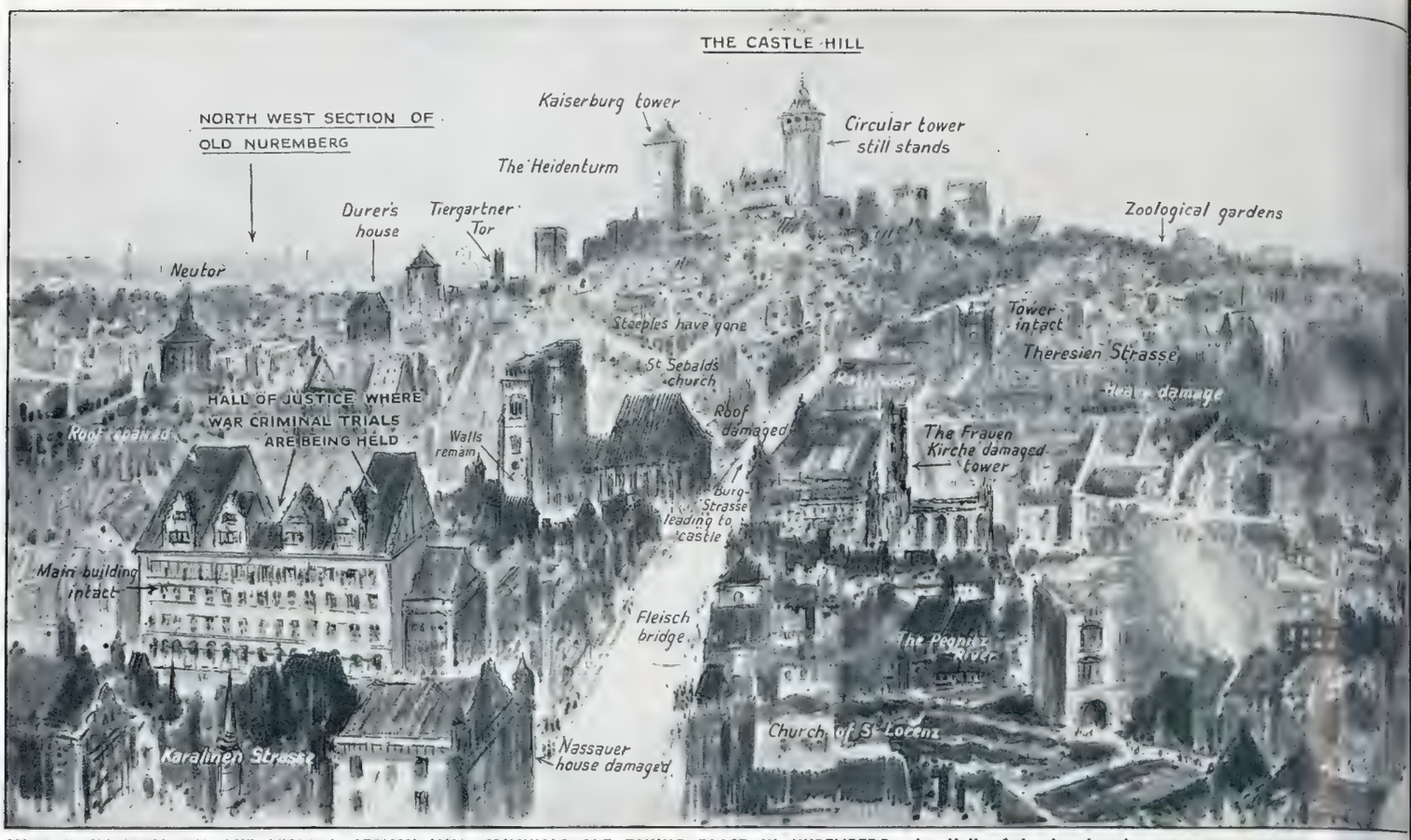


WHERE THE TRIALS OF THE LEADING GERMAN WAR CRIMINALS ARE TAKING PLACE IN NUREMBERG—the Hall of Justice in the historic Old City, where the Allied Tribunal will judge the Nazis who brought war back into the world. Under Hitler, Nuremberg was one of the focal points of Nazi display: it is fitting, therefore, that the regime should come to an end in the same city—*Drawing by Percy Home*

WAR CRIMINALS

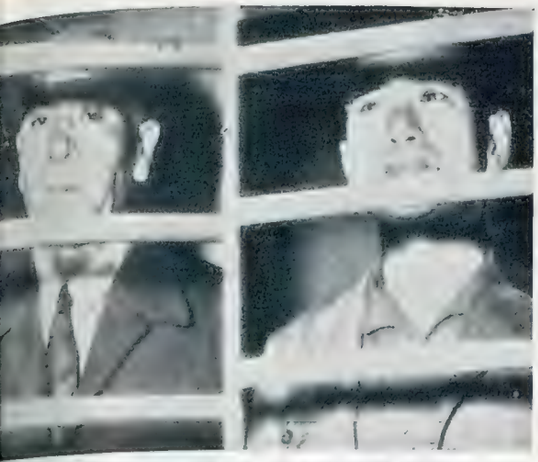
THE COURT AT NUREMBERG

And Pictures of Jap War Criminals—in Detention, and on Trial

The court-house at Nuremberg, where the trials of the German war criminals are taking place, is situated in the Hall of Justice, a large edifice in the south-west portion of the old walled section of Nuremberg. It is a large building of commanding appearance with a high-pitched roof in the old Germanic style. The numerous floors offer a considerable amount of accommodation for the large number of staffs, personages and Press who will gather at Nuremberg. There are a large number of floors in the roof, also in the old German tradition; but the building as a whole is not one of the ancient sights of the city. Its neighbour, the Nassauer House, is hoary in comparison, being partly thirteenth-century and partly fifteenth-century work. This corner building, facing the St. Lorenz Church, appears in the foreground of the above view, in which the spectator is looking northwards towards the old Imperial Castle. Midway is the basilica Church of St. Sebald, which has lost its high steeples and suffered damage to its high-pitched roof. Opposite, across the Haupt market, the much-damaged Gothic Frauenkirche rears its shattered tower. Passing up the Burgstrasse, the Castle Hill is reached. Two of its commanding towers still stand, although adjacent buildings have suffered damage. The Walpurges Chapel no longer breaks the skyline on the right: it has vanished from sight. Some of the old circular towers still exist; two of them are seen towards the left, in the area which contains Dürer's house. The Heidenturm, on the Castle Hill, contains an eleventh-century chapel, the oldest building in Nuremberg

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN-HUNT: Girl clerks at C.R.O.W.C.A.S.S., in Paris, checking incoming information sheets from prisoners of war against "wanted" persons on their own books of reference (seen on the desks in front of them). The most up-to-date office machinery, some specially flown from America to France, is being used for the purpose of collating and tracing some 8,000,000 people, to aid in the search for war criminals. This immense scientific detection apparatus set up in a former bank at No. 53, Rue des Mathurins, Paris, is known as "Crowcass"—Central Registry of War Criminals and Security Suspects. Files of all captured Germans, including 7,000,000 prisoners of war and 400,000 civilians, enable new names to be checked against the "Wanted List." Information is recorded on cards by a system of punched holes, each hole representing an item in identification—such as height, weight, scars, deformities, etc. Allied authorities can track down a particular person by passing the cards through a machine which then ejects other cards recording the characteristics common with "wanted" persons

A GIRL CLERK CHECKS THE PAGE DEALING WITH KARL DOENITZ, Grand Admiral and former *ersatz* Führer, in the "Wanted" book: Arranged in a semi-circle on her desk are papers referring to Julius Streicher, Robert Ley, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Wilhelm Keitel, Walter Funk and Hermann Goering



ACCUSED JAPANESE WAR CRIMINALS BEHIND BARS: These two prominent Japs are being held in Yokohama Prison. On the left is Lieut.-General Masahara Homma, former Commanding General in the Philippines; and, on the right, Admiral Shegetora Shimada, former member of the Japanese Cabinet at the time of the Pearl Harbour attack

THE GHOULS OF SHINAGAWA ARE TRAPPED: These two Japanese, now awaiting trial as war criminals, were the two men most feared by the American soldiers who were prisoners at the infamous Shinagawa prison camp. On the left is Dr. Hisakichi Tokida, who is said to have been responsible for dangerous medical experimentation on prisoners of war; on the right is Colonel Kinji Suzuki, Commanding Officer of the Shinagawa Camp, and the man said to be responsible for many atrocities

DR. SHUNKISHI SAITO, JAP MEDICAL MAN who was responsible for the deaths of many Allied prisoners of war and internees at the infamous Stanley Jail at Hong Kong

HELD IN THE SAME JAIL AT HONG KONG WHERE MANY OF THEIR ATROCITIES WERE CARRIED OUT: Three prominent Jap prisoners are exercised in the courtyard of Stanley Jail. During the latter days of September, following the Allied occupation of Hong Kong, Japanese forces were rounded up and sent to P.O.W. camps in the area. Several Japanese war criminals have been identified and are held at Stanley Jail, the notorious prison where many Allied P.O.W.s and internees were done to death. Among the war criminals held are Colonel Easo Tokunaga, who had charge of all P.O.W. camps in the Hong Kong district; Dr. Shunkishi Saito, responsible for the deaths of many Allied internees and P.O.W.s at Stanley Jail and Camp; Lieut.-Colonel Kanazawa, head of Japanese Gendarmes; and Sergeant of Gendarmes Kenichi Matsuda. In charge of these war criminals at Stanley is Sub-Lieut. P. J. Poole, who was himself a P.O.W. at Shamshuipo Camp for three-and-a-half years. In this picture Tokunaga is on the left; Kanazawa on the right; and Sergeant Matsuda at the rear

IN MANILA ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT OF ALL JAP WAR CRIMINALS IS ALREADY UNDERGOING TRIAL BY THE AMERICANS: He is Lieut.-General Tomoyuki Yamashita, here seen in the centre of the group at the right as he entered his plea of "Not guilty" to the American Military Commission of five Generals (seated at the long desk at the left). At his arraignment there were charges of sixty-four specific instances of atrocities in the Philippines, including the massacre of thousands of civilians. Standing left of Yamashita is Major Eugene Boardman, an American interpreter. On Yamashita's right is his personal Japanese interpreter. The General earned his title of the "Tiger of Malaya" from his ferocity during that campaign. Yamashita contended at his trial that he violated none of the laws of war, and has appealed to the Philippine Supreme Court

Arising Out of the Atomic Bomb—

A FIRST ATTEMPT TO VISUALISE the ATOMIC ENERGY IN THE SUN

—A Revolution in Scientific Thought

It has been stated that the atomic bomb obtains its force from the same source from which the sun draws its power; or, in other words, the heat of the sun is due to the actual disintegration of atoms. This inept statement is no worse than other recent pronouncements by notable astronomers. It is surely obvious that atoms cannot be disintegrated at the centre of the sun, since they can neither arrive nor exist there. Disintegration does occur in the more outlying layers, but only after the atoms have been built up from the centre; the latter being the primary activity.

Generally speaking, the release of atomic energy is common to both the sun and the new bomb. It is probable that, in splitting the uranium nucleus, the atomic bomb even outdoes the transcendant orb which is our parent star. It is likely that, even at the centre of the sun, where only the free components that go to build up atoms can exist, most staple nucleus still occurs whole. A great variety of things happen in the indescribable milling turmoil here, and the diagram-drawing reproduced here sets out to explain the modern conception of the activity inside the sun, and how it conserves its energy practically in entirety.

It was at one time thought that the sun must be radiating away its heat, light and power into space at a suicidal rate: it is now known that only the barest fraction thus escapes. No diminution has ever been verified, even in its surface temperature, which is actually known as the Solar Constant, 6,000 deg. C. It appears that a further million million years will pass before any considerable loss can occur.

It will be seen that the whole of the sun is a non-rigid, mobile mass, everywhere perpetually shifting upon itself: the equator rotates more slowly than do the poles. It is composed of atoms, partial atoms and components of atoms. Molecules (or combinations of atoms), such as the earth is mainly composed of, cannot exist in the sun's terrific heat. To put the horse before the cart, they cannot yet form. There is thus no parallel to conditions on earth.

To think of the sun as a kind of super-furnace is not even crazily correct. Combustion as we know it does not, cannot occur. The stupendous heat far transcends any such petty arson. The colossal holocaust, six-sevenths of a million miles in diameter, that is the sun has no acquaintance with such pigmy matters. It deals on the grand scale, with the superlatively furious interplay of fantastic atomic energy, with atoms alternately built up and disintegrated in more or less closed circuits; the whole interior a continuous, indescribable ferment, producing energy, heat, light and other radiation in conversion and reconversion. It is the interaction (confusion, if you like) of these varied antagonistic processes, of which some hint is given in the diagram, that keeps the vast pot of the sun perpetually boiling.

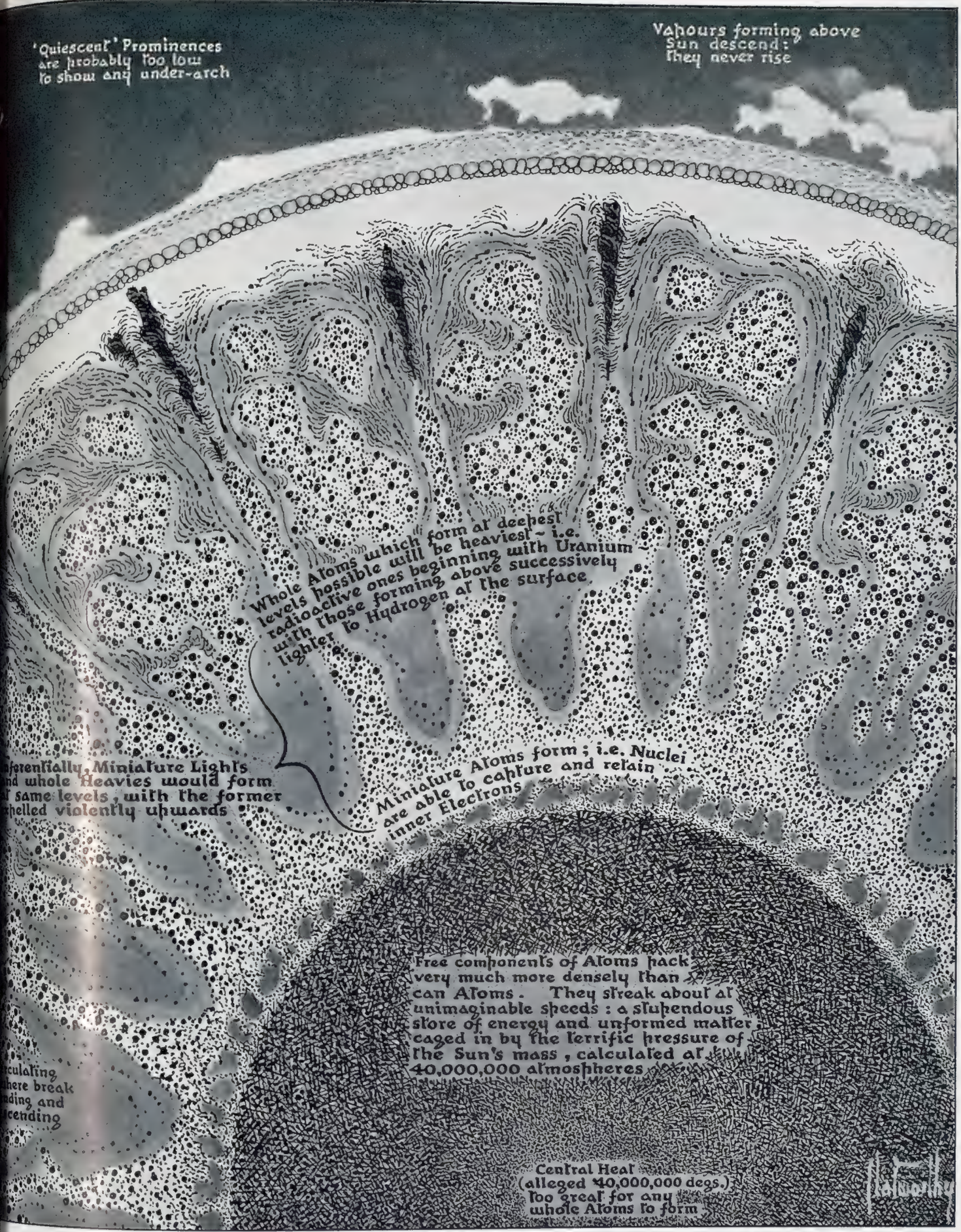
New comments are also noted on surface phenomena whose relative importance has been much exaggerated by the fact that they are visible at eclipses. Here again the old furnace complex is misleading. The prominences look like "flames," but, in fact, they are not. They have no "sprouting motions," again suggesting furious wastage, but remain, as it were, frozen in space, so that changes in them are only apparent when observed from day to day. These occasional eruptive prominences which tail off, reaching heights of some hundreds of thousands of miles and once regarded with awe as such obvious manifestations of the sun's power, are seen to be almost insignificant.

Finally, in the atomic bomb some approach has been made for the first time to solar, or stellar, conditions.

A NEW CONCEPTION CONCERNING THE PHYSICAL STRUCTURE OF THE SUN, WHICH HAS BEEN BROUGH ABOUT AS THE RESULT OF THE EXTENSION OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF ATOMIC ENERGY: This drawing su marises some of the conclusions at which modern scientific thought has arrived—*Drawing by S. W. Cleve*

The views of astronomers during the past half-century concern the structure, life and energy of the sun, to-day need vi revision. Formerly, the sun was pictured as a great furna wantonly pulsating its heat outwards into space in spendt fashion; it was held that the life of the giant body was limited this dissipation of its solar energy. The solar prominences giant "flames" as they were termed—were studied at all eclips to-day, their nature, too, has to be reconsidered in the ligh modern knowledge. Atomic action and reaction has throun light on the construction, energies and powers of endurance o sun. In order to set these new ideas out in diagrammatic f THE SPHERE'S *Special Artist in his drawing above has through" a portion of the solar globe and included the ac*

On left—**AFTER THE FIRST BOMB HAD FALLEN—a glance back at Hiroshima on August 6: Freight cars filled with Japanese refugees travel through the desolate wasteland that once was a thriving metropolis of 400,000 people**



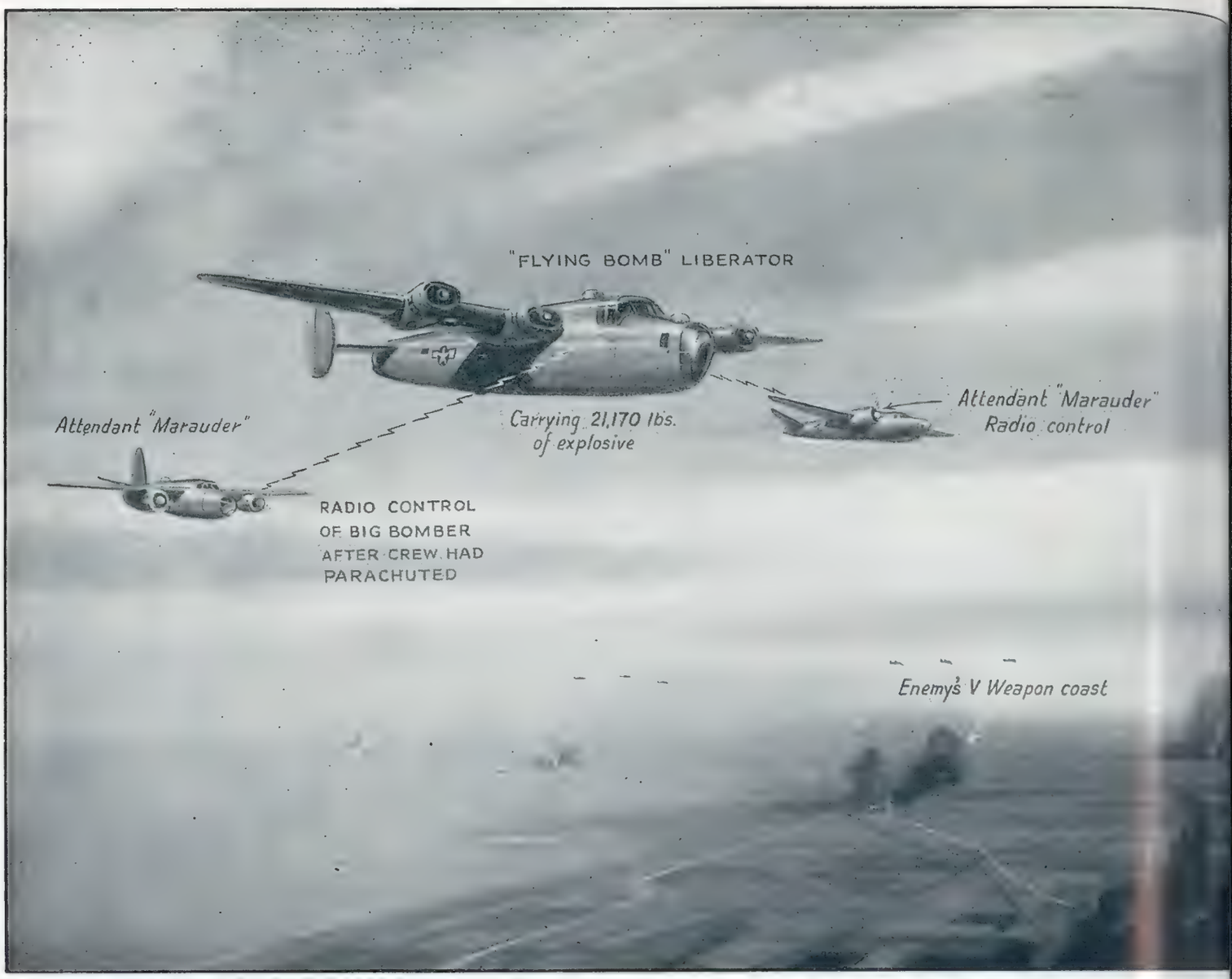
Artist's Copyright in the U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere

On left—**THE SCENE IN NAGASAKI after the second bomb had dropped: Panic-stricken Japs are scurrying away from the ruins of the city, to seek safety in the open country**

"core" in which free components of atoms exist. By this means, the artist has attempted to indicate something of the manner in which the sun conserves the vast bulk of its energies. What the artist has to say concerning his own drawing is given in the first column on the left.

In order to follow the line of thought in this vision of the sun's interior, it is well to begin with the description given in the centre of the "core," towards the bottom right-hand corner of the drawing. The reader should then move upwards to the next description—that relating to the zones in which atoms begin to form and coalesce out of the seething, "formless" mass below. There is a gradual progression towards the surface and back again, only a small amount of the sun's radio-activity escaping during these processes. The "flames" should finally be considered as phenomena which now take on new qualities.

In this diagram, new qualities of "matter" and new conceptions of the powers which drive the universe are dealt with. It would almost appear as if we are now approaching the very verges of the human understanding!



DEVELOPMENTS in FLYING and RADIO

—Shown in Special "Sphere" Drawings and in Recent Photography

THE "FLYING BOMB" LIBERATOR—A WAR DISCLOSURE RECENTLY MADE BY THE U.S. NAVY. The "Flying Bomb" was filled with a load of 21,170 lb. of explosives; it was to have been controlled by radio from two accompanying aircraft after the pilots had baled out—*Drawing by Roland Dove*

The circumstances in which Lieut. Joseph Kennedy, junior, son of the former United States Ambassador to Britain, lost his life in August 1944 were disclosed by the American Navy last month It was stated that a four-engined, radio-controlled "flying bomb" plane exploded prematurely when flying from Britain to Normandy. His fellow-pilot, Lieut. W. J. Willy, was also killed. The plane, a Liberator, was [illegible] with 21,170 lb. of explosives, with a V1 launching site as [illegible] target. The pilots intended to bale out as soon as [illegible] accompanying aircraft assumed radio control of the Liberat[illegible] Both Liberator pilots have been posthumously awarded [illegible] United States Navy Cross

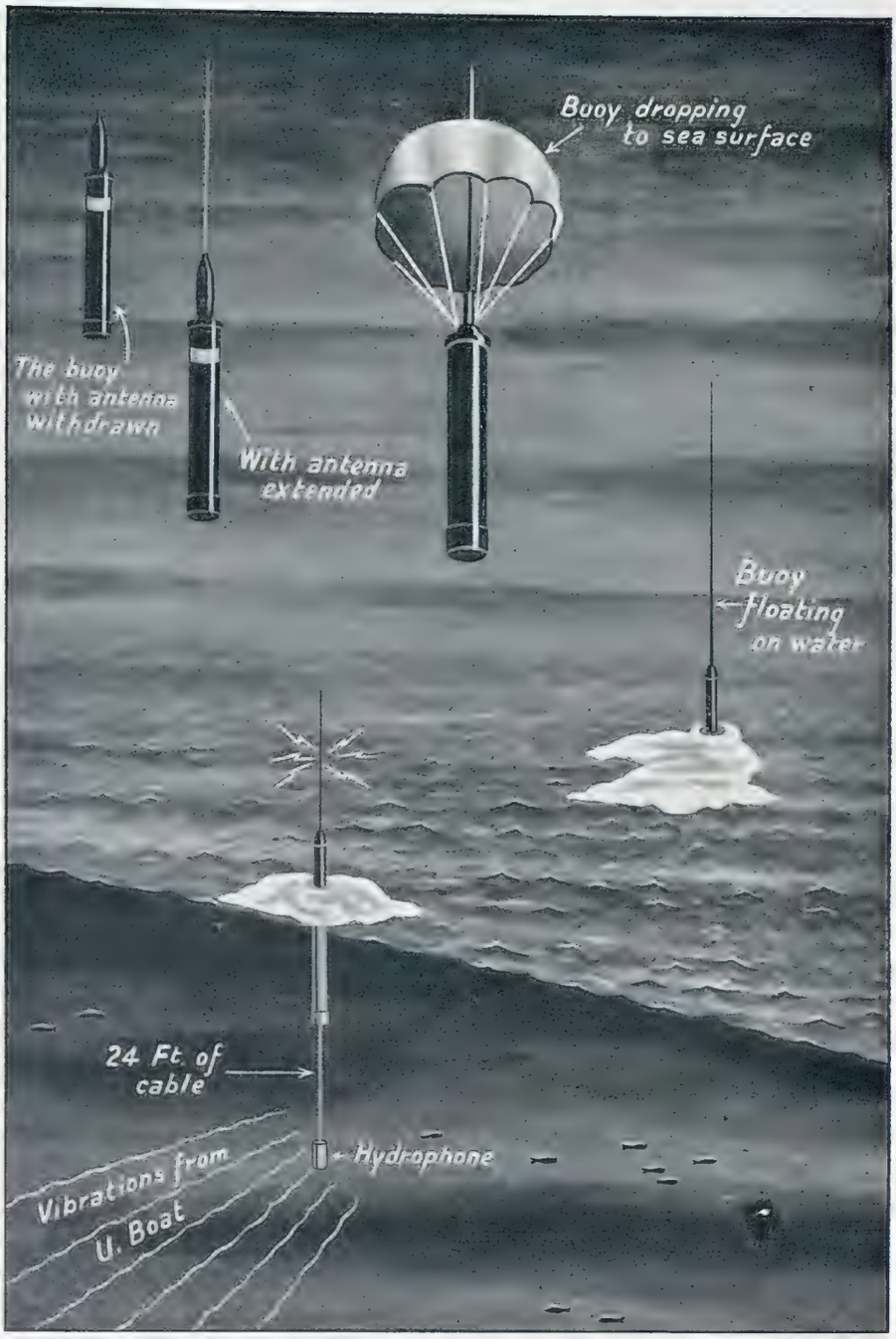
LANDING BY NIGHT ON THE WATER—A NEW ASPECT OF PEACETIME FLYING IN ENGLAND: A British Sunderland flying-boat is here coming in to land at Poole Harbour, English terminal of the cross-Atlantic flying route. A searchlight is switched on in the port wing which lights up the strip of water immediately in front of the aircraft: lining the landing channel are a line of flare-boats, which serve as a guide for the pilot; on each side of this landing channel are "mark buoys," which no surface craft is allowed to pass. More skill is required for these night landings than daylight operations

—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

E LAUNCHING OF THE "VIPER"—A PILOTED, ROCKET-PROPELLED MISSILE WHICH THE GERMANS WERE ABOUT TO EMPLOY JUST BEFORE THE WAR ENDED: It is here leaving its special launching-ramp during a trial flight

The two pictures reproduced here were found in Germany after the end of the war. Both were included by General Arnold in his recent report to the U.S. Secretary of War, in which he told of German V-weapons in preparation by the Nazis. Called the "Viper," this was a piloted, rocket-propelled missile which was designed to attack Allied aircraft over certain vulnerable targets with cannon, rockets, or by ramming. They were launched from the special device shown in the lower picture, shooting straight up into the air under the influence of the rocket propellants. Their radius of action was very small: in the event of the pilot deciding to ram, the theory was that he could eject himself mechanically before the actual smash arrived. The "Viper" was in production in Germany at the end of the war, but was never put into actual combat. A drawing of this amazing device (also referred to as the "Natter") was published in THE SPHERE on September 22

W THE "VIPER" WAS PLACED IN ITS SPECIAL LAUNCHING DEVICE: It was then shot straight up into the air by rockets (See note above)



HOW THE U-BOAT "WOLF-PACKS" WERE DEFEATED IN THE ATLANTIC: The radio-sonde apparatus which told the watchers on the surface when the enemy was present—*Drawing by Alfred Morris*

One of the many ingenious inventions by Allied scientists to combat the U-boat "wolf-packs" which infested Atlantic waters during the war was the "E pendable Radio-Sonde Buoy," a radio device which was dropped from the air. By this means it was possible to trace the U-boats and relay the information to hunting air or surface craft. In the drawing above, the top left diagram shows the sound buoy with its radio antenna withdrawn; the next shows it extended. In the third diagram, the buoy is shown dropping to the water by parachute, through which the antenna protrudes. The fourth diagram shows the buoy floating upon the water. In the lower left is shown the manner in which the bottom compartment, containing a hydrophone, separated from the rest of the unit to sink 24 ft. below the surface. The hydrophone picks up the sound thrown off by the U-boat, and relays it by cable to the radio transmitter in the top compartment, which broadcasts the signal to waiting ships and planes. Allied aircraft dropped several of these buoys in diamond-shaped patterns wherever a pack of U-boats were suspected

A FIRST PICTURE OF THE PILOTED FLYING BOMB, OR V 4: This is not to be confused with the V 1, which was launched from a special ramp. The V 4 was still another secret German weapon which the Nazis had in store for us. Our picture above was taken at a well-camouflaged site at Tramm, near Danneberg. The V 4 resembles the V 1, famous flying bomb launched against London and Southern England, but it is larger: it was built to be flown by a pilot closed in a hooded cockpit, seen at the rear under the jet air-intake. The bomb was to have been guided to a vulnerable spot, and then the pilot would bale out after having directed the missile on to his target. This specimen was found nearly intact at Tramm

AN ANCIENT MAYORAL CEREMONY AT HIGH WYCOMBE—Councillor Charles William Lance, J.P., new Mayor, seated on the weighing-machine : The Town Crier (on right) announces that he weighs 15 stone. This ceremony is carried out in accordance with an ancient custom peculiar to High Wycombe, whereby the new Mayor and his connections are weighed before taking up their municipal offices for the year. They are again weighed the following year on relinquishing their posts, to ascertain whether the municipal duties have weighed heavily upon them. The records are taken by police officers of the borough

PICTURES FROM THE HOME COUNTR

Of Post-War Activities in Many Regions

A FAMOUS NORWEGIAN BISHOP IN LONDON—Bishop Eiv Berggrav of Oslo, Primate of the Norwegian Chur who has arrived in London to fulfil outstanding engagements was arrested by the Nazis in 1942 and, after a period in a co tration camp, remained under house-arrest until the Liberati Norway. This photograph was taken at the Nikea Club in Friends' House, in Euston Road. The Archbishop of Canterb presenting the Lambeth Cross to the Bishop. He is but the fo recipient to receive this honour, which was instituted by Lord L for outstanding work in the Church all over the world

THE "LUSITANIA" MEMORIAL IN EIRE, which is now to be completed : Work is to be resumed on the *Lusitania* memorial at Queenstown, Cork. It is in memory of those who died when the liner was sunk by a German submarine on May 7, 1915. The uncompleted memorial, which is situated between the General Post Office and the Council Buildings, was begun in 1933 by the late Jerome O'Connor, at the request of the American Committee under the late President Roosevelt. The Cork Development Association has now decided to complete the task at a cost of about £1,000

THE MEN WHO REPRESENT THE CITY OF LONDON—a group of the dignitaries who each fulfils a histor part in the ceremonies on Lord Mayor's Day : In this picture, taken in the courtyard of the Guildhall, are the follow (from left to right) : Colonel S. Hulme Taylor (City Marshal) ; the Rev. Canon Gillingham (Lord Mayor's Chaplain) ; Alderman Sheriff F. M. Wells ; Mr. W. T. Boston (Sword-bearer) ; the new Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis ; Commander J. R. Po (Common Crier) ; and Mr. Sheriff F. Tidbury Beer. At this year's ceremony, Lord Mayor's Show was revived for the first time since the outbreak of wa

THE BLOCK OF FLATS IN WOOD GREEN, LONDON, BUILT BY FOUR MEN AND A BOY : Mr. C. J. Pilgrim and Mr. C. A. Pilgrim, two brothers who are also partners in a building firm, assisted by a sixty-five-year-old bricklayer, a general labourer and a boy of 16, started to build a block of six flats on September 3. They hope to have them completed by the end of this month. The flats are of ultra-modern style, with hot and cold running water and electric heating. Shortage of materials called for improvisation, and some have come from a bombed building. The overall cost will be £3,000. The flats have already been let to ex-Servicemen and their families at 30s. a week

W.A.A.F.S PREPARE TO RETURN TO CIVILIAN LIFE : Undergoing five-weeks course at a London Telephone Exchange. Operators London Telephone Exchanges will soon be reinforced by girls from the For At the moment there are a number of W.A.A.F.s stationed in the London a taking a four- to five-weeks course at the Palmers Green Exchange, prepari to becoming operators. The girls have all expressed a wish to take up the wo While at Palmers Green they will be trained on "artificial" traffic and w handle public calls

A DISPLAY OF SPRING FASHIONS BY BRITISH DESIGNERS AND FABRIC MANUFACTURERS : A bride and bridesmaid in the parade. A show of Spring Fashions was held at the Mayfair Hotel on November 13, designed to give trade buyers an advanced picture of next season's fashions in rayon materials. Designers have used considerable ingenuity in creating an entirely new silhouette without infringing the official "Austerity" rulings. At the parade were representatives from Embassies and Legations, with Professor R. A. Marquand, Secretary of the Department of Overseas Trade. Here is the official description of the above picture : "The bride's gown is of white crêpe with a yoke of studded gold beads, Dolman sleeves, with cuffs studded to match yoke. It has side panels of gaging. The head-dress is a turban of white crêpe with a tulle train. The maid's dress is of slipper-satin with an Elizabethan effect. The beaded bodice has leg-of-mutton sleeves and the hip-line is built up to emphasise the Tudor note"

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA ARRIVES IN ENGLAND : Major Gideon Brand van Zyl, Governor-General Designate of South Africa, arrived at Northolt Aerodrome, Middlesex, on November 13. He travelled in the personal plane of Field-Marshal Smuts. The King has received the Governor-General Designate at the Palace during his visit to this country, which he is seeing for the first time. Major van Zyl is the first native-born South African to be appointed Governor-General of any Dominion. Here he is seen (on the left) being greeted at Northolt Aerodrome by Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls, High Commissioner for South Africa

MORE BRANDY FOR BRITAIN : The first shipment of Martell's Cognac since 1940 arrives in the London Docks. The amount has not been stated : like all brandy, it has arrived in casks. After it has been rested and bottled, the Cognac will be distributed to wine and spirit merchants throughout the country. All through the war there has been a great shortage of brandy, the prices of which have risen higher with each passing year. The news of the arrival of this consignment will, therefore, be welcomed by many who have had to forgo this pleasure during the past few years

CLEANING UP THE SEA : The diver goes down with an explosive charge. The tide is just right, and Diver Jones, keyman of demolition, is ready to place his charge in position beneath a wreck

PREPARING TO BLOW UP AN UNDER-WATER WRECK IN THE RIVER MERSEY : Scattered round the coasts of Britain, off many of the estuaries and ports, are buoys marking the graves of ships which have been sunk by enemy action. Many of them are not worth salvaging. As they constitute a danger to our shipping, they are being blown up by under-water charges, so that the channels may be freed of hidden dangers. On Merseyside alone there are some seventeen wrecks. The work of clearing the sea is arduous. The divers can work only when the tides run slackly, and in the Mersey that happens only on sixty days a year. The diver's task is no easy one : it can only be accomplished after long years of arduous training

THE GERMAN WOMEN ARE HARD AT WORK REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF WAR: Even those who were formerly economically independent are now engaged on essential tasks. "Necessity is the Mother of Invention." It is impossible to manufacture new bricks rapidly enough, owing to the shortage of labour in Germany, so old bricks are being used again. If they are cleared of mortar and cement by hand, a single worker can clean no more than forty bricks an hour; but the famous Siemens Plant in Berlin has come to the rescue with a simple but ingenious device which does the job at the rate of 1,800 an hour. The new machines are mobile and cheap: they cost about £375, and soon anything up to 1,000,000 bricks a day will be salvaged from Berlin's ruins and used for re-building the capital. The German women in the picture are wearing scarves over their heads, to protect them from the flying brick-dust. While some of them salvage usable bricks from the heap at the left, others are feeding the machine, with one woman to put the cleaned bricks into a trolley for transference to the storage depot

GOLD COAST CHILDREN AT THE PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE CLINIC AT ACCRA. These African mothers have brought their babies for weighing. Each child, if necessary, will receive medical attention from the doctor in attendance. The Princess Marie Louise Clinic was built by the Government in 1925, at Accra, on the Gold Coast, to provide medical care for young children, to teach mothers how to prevent the sickness and death of their infants, and to train young African women as Health Visitors. Each birth is registered and, in many cases, a trained African midwife (subsidised by the Government) looks after mother and child for a week. The Health Visitor then takes over and goes to the home to give the mother advice about the care of her infant and her home. She is advised to take the infant regularly to the weighing centre. If he is sick, she can take him to the Clinic to be treated by a doctor; if the sickness is serious, or other than nutritional, the child is sent to the children's ward at the Colonial Hospital at Korle. In this way a mother is taught how to keep her child in good health until he is old enough to go to school

MAINLY ABOUT WOMEN

And Their Activities in the Post-War World—in Britain and Elsewhere

A FRENCH WOMEN'S LEADER IN LONDON: Mme. Sa... speaking at a Press conference at the Civil Ser... Clerical Association. Mme. Louis Saillant, whose husband is new General Secretary of the World Federation of Trade Un... is visiting England in her capacity of member of the Organ... Committee of the International Congress of Women, which ... be held in Paris from November 26 to December 1. Mme. Sa... is to speak about the Congress, which women delegates fro... over the world will be attending

AN ENGLISHWOMAN APPOINTED TO A DIPLOMATIC POST ... WASHINGTON: Mother of three sons and two daughters, ... grandmother of three others, Mrs. Marjorie D. Spikes is the new ... appointed Attache to the British Embassy in Washington. She ... to be in charge of Women's Affairs, and will act in conjunc... with Women's Organisations and Social Welfare Groups in ... United States. She is fifty-one years of age, and is experienced ... Government work, having served in the Ministry of Labour

A NEGRO BABY WHICH WAS BORN THREE MONTHS TO... SOON—and yet lives, and flourishes: Because her b... was three months premature and she weighed but one pound s... nine ounces, no one bothered to name this infant girl when ... was born at the Rowan Memorial Hospital in Salisbury, Nor... Carolina. As she clung tenaciously to life, however, the nur... began calling her Queen Elizabeth, which stately title she still carri... The tiny girl was kept in an incubator, wrapped in cotton wo... and oil, and fed with a medicine dropper for six weeks. When ... picture was taken she was eight weeks old and weighed 3 lb. 14 ... She drinks 2½ ozs. of milk every 2 hours and cod liver oil and ora... juice. She is given an oil bath every morning.

EADY FOR THE FORTHCOMING SKATING COMPETITIONS: Miss Daphne Walker in "a half-moon on the outside blades." The decision to revive the Figure-Skating Championship has filled Miss Walker with new hopes: she is now preparing to add more trophies to her already imposing collection. When the British Championships were held last, in 1938, she was third to Miss Cecilia Colledge; in her teens she had skated all over the world, winning many prizes. Now she has just turned twenty-one, and is skating four hours every day at the Richmond Ice Drome

A CHINESE WEDDING IS HELD IN LONDON: Bride and bridegroom leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church after the ceremony. The only Chinese woman diplomat in London, Vice-Consul Miss Tsch Ven-Yah, has just been married to Chang-Tse-Chung, a lecturer in economics who has been studying at Cambridge University for the past two years, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, in Trafalgar Square. The bridal attendants were also Chinese, and made a very attractive picture in their richly-worked dresses

A NEW IDEA FROM PARIS—THE "BASKET BUST LINE." French designers are working harder than ever at the moment, in an endeavour to recapture the fashion trade of the world, as before the war. This evening gown shows one of the new designs in the Autumn Collections: its French designer, Jaques Fath, calls it the "basket bust line." It is carried out in slate-grey taffeta, and falls to three puffed bands below the knee, the top one of which is in pale-pink

HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS USED TO DRESS THEIR DINING-TABLES FOR A BIG PARTY IN THEIR NINETEENTH-CENTURY DINING-ROOMS: Ready for an early nineteenth-century banquet is this elaborately-set £20,000 Georgian table. It was arranged in New York by author-actress Ilka Chase in keeping with the Georgian period, of which she is a student. Miss Chase was called to plan the table for the Antiques Fair held in New York from October 22 to 26. The items for the show table were loaned by four New York antique galleries. The silver and porcelain are English; the glass is Irish and English; the dinner-plates came from a Worcester service (1811-1820). The French linen was woven near Armentières and embroidered by hand on the Island of Madeira. The finger-bowls, to the left of the eighteen places set, are large, because originally they were used for rinsing wine-glasses at a time when hostesses did not supply fresh glasses for each wine served. The stately candelabra were made by Matthew Boulton, 1803, for the Dickinson family of Somerset

THE NEW "CHARTER" FOR NURSES

What it Means to the Women in the Profession Today and in the Near Future

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

"NO more Florence Nightingales" is the melodramatically-styled aim of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, but how to secure 33,000 women to train as nurses and midwives is a real problem. The whole business of National Health Service is becoming more fluid and confused as time goes on. On the one hand, we have grandiose schemes and White Papers which set out to reorganise and enlarge the medical services at present available, and, on the other hand, we are told that the hospitals and sanatoria are closing their wards for the lack of nurses and domestic staff. Now, to add to the confusion, we are warned that we may be faced with tremendous epidemics this winter, and even if sufficient numbers of women volunteer to become student nurses, there is still no hope that they will be trained sufficiently to deal with the emergency, and we will have to call on the Army Medical Service.

At last it is beginning to dawn on the authorities that there can be no efficient National Health Service without nurses. A hospital may have the best surgeons, physicians and specialists, but they cannot function unless the nursing staff is there to back them. It takes at least four years to turn the junior probationer into a State Registered Nurse, and it does not follow because a girl becomes a student nurse, that she will pass the necessary examinations and get through her training successfully.

The nursing profession is going through the uncomfortable transition stage. It is no longer a vocation, and as a career it does not appear to be sufficiently attractive to appeal to the average young woman. As a nursing sister said to me the other day, when she first started training, it really was a vocation. Only the best type of woman became a nurse, because only the best type was prepared to work more than twelve hours a day with two hours off-duty every other day, and study for her hospital and State examinations at night when she got off duty and during her off-duty periods. All this for a payment of £8 for the first year, £12 or £14 the second, and £18 the third. In those days the nurse was probably the most respected woman in the community, but unless the nurse had money of her own, she was apt to be left starving in her old age. In some of the more famous teaching hospitals women took up nursing and became ward sisters for no salary at all. The truth of the matter is that even if there were enough women to be attracted to nursing as a vocation, very few of them could afford this privilege.

The posters and advertisements aimed at recruiting nurses. All stress that this is a delightful career and the new campaign offers more money as well as tennis courts, bed-sitting rooms, reception rooms, free shampoos, freedom from domestic work, no unnecessary rules or unexplained regulations, no unnecessary restrictions on smoking in nurses' quarters, as well as a Nurses' Representative Council and three good meals a day.

Note carefully the three good meals a day, for here comes the rub. It is stated that 12,000 more domestic workers are needed for the hospitals, but there is a strange silence about the conditions under which these domestic workers will work. Vague reference is made to its essential aims to ensure a uniform standard of wages, while other features of the code would give the domestic workers the status of a skilled craftswoman assured of living conditions, personal freedom and medical attention on the same level in many respects as those of the nurses, and with ample opportunities for training and promotion. But the horrid fact remains that at the present moment the hospital domestic staff are practically non-existent, because they are overworked and underpaid to such an extent that the job offers no appeal to any woman of intelligence.

Not long ago we read of the Bart.'s nurses who went on strike because of inadequate meals. The answer was that the meals were inadequate because of a shortage of cooks. Ask any committee member on any of the big teaching hospitals, or any hospital for that matter, and they will all tell you the same story—the difficulty of getting domestic staff.

The first step towards solving the nursing problem is for the hospitals committees to make up their minds (*a*) to pay their cooks, ward-maids, porters and domestic staff a salary which will attract the right type of people, (*b*) to make the hours of work and off-duty hours reasonable, and (*c*) to provide proper sitting-rooms. The nurses' grievances have been aired in public quite long enough, and it is high time that the domestic staff had the same editorial space. No one knows the value of a good ward-maid or an efficient scrubber better than ward sisters and the nursing staff, and it is a disgrace that domestic service in hospitals has reached such a low level that we have to call on convicts from the women's prisons and labour from Belgium to do the domestic work of our own teaching hospitals.

Another recommendation is the establishment of a new grade of ward orderlies to work as direct auxiliaries to the nurses. It is suggested that this should be open to both sexes, and is a very good scheme if it can be put into effect. But the Rushcliffe reforms, excellent and necessary though they were, have complicated the already difficult problems which a hospital matron has to face. The increased off-duty, including the day off a week and the much increased off-duty for night nurses, has necessitated a tremendous increase in nursing staff. This is no easy matter, especially in the small hospitals, where there is a shortage of accommodation for the nursing staff.

The nursing staff also has to cope in these days with a great deal more treatment than was given before the war. The fashion in drugs changes each year, and the latest rage for penicillin has increased the work of both dispensers and nurses. In the old days the doctor relied on his own clinical observations for a diagnosis. In these days he relies on the X-ray Department and the laboratory.

For instance, in the Out-Patient Department of a children's hospital a child will be seen by the house doctor or the visiting honorary. The patient will be examined thoroughly by the doctor, who, as likely as not, will send him off to have his chest or his sinuses X-rayed. He will then be sent to have a patch test and possibly a Montoux, and this necessitates three separate visits to the hospital at an interval of every forty-eight hours. Having ruled out all question of T.B.—and the question now arises with alarming frequency—a specimen of blood, together with two other specimens, will be sent up to the laboratory, and in due course the report will come back.

Where two medicines may have been ordered in pre-war days, four or five may now be ordered, and in this way the dispensary work is increased. The old-fashioned dressing which could be left on several days is now replaced by penicillin, which is renewed daily or every forty-eight hours. No one grudges all this extra service, but it does make for more work and necessitates more staff, and one cannot help reflecting that the hospital child is better served in this way than the child who is taken to the private doctor. The general practitioner is very chary of recommending expensive treatment, and so relies on the old-fashioned method of diagnosis by clinical observation.

If the new rates of payment go through, a staff nurse will get £120-180 a year, a ward sister from £160-£260, and the assistant nurse from £90-£160. These rates of payment will be extremely good, considering that the nurse has no living expenses. She gets her board and lodging free. If Mr. Bevan's scheme materialises and the hospitals can really be turned into "Grand Hotels," the nurse should be better off financially than the woman who lives at home or has to pay for her own board and lodging.

A great deal of play has always been made about the discipline of nurses, and now this is to be revised again. It seems to me that not enough difference is made between the nurse in training and the trained nurse. A girl who is studying for her hospital and State examinations, and putting in a full day's work in practical nursing, cannot afford to stay out late at night or her health and work will suffer. Once she has been trained, however, and no longer has to study for examinations, she should have every opportunity to lead her own life when off-duty. If her good sense in the matter of her private life cannot be trusted, then she is no use as a nurse.

In hospitals it has always been difficult to entertain men friends, and it will be a good thing if this can be overcome by arranging sitting-rooms in the same style as hotel lounges, where tea or snacks can be served if necessary.

The recommendation that there is no bar to marriage is excellent on paper, but is practical only so long as the nurse does not have a family. The pregnant nurse is working under difficult conditions, if only because of the lifting which is usually necessary in this work. There is also the question of working with infection and the danger of carrying it home to her own nursery.

Some people might suppose that when the Queen Alexandra Nursing Sisters are demobilised, this will produce more nurses than there were pre-war. In fact, every one of them was a fully-trained nurse before she put on uniform, and presumably these women will go back to the hospitals as ward sisters. What will be really interesting will be to see how many volunteers this new scheme will recruit from the St. John and Red Cross wartime personnels. There have been literally thousands of women doing part-time nursing for these organisations, and they could presumably be most useful for part-time work, even though they are not Mr. Bevan's primary target.

REWARDS FOR EFFICIENT SERVICE at the Nurses' Home, Middlesex Hospital: The three nurses pictured above, who received the Gold, Silver and Bronze medals respectively for outstanding efficiency during the past year, are Miss Marjorie Vera Tomlinson, Miss Anne Bennett-Evans and Miss Ruth Walton. On the right, Sister Angleseay is seen receiving from Mr. F. H. Doran, Chairman of the Nursing Committee, a medal presented by an anonymous donor for sisters serving over five years. The ceremony was presided over by Lieut.-Colonel Astor

A REMARKABLE MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENT: The baby which was born after the death of her mother. This feat was performed at a hospital in Rockford, Illinois, where Mrs. Floyd Sherman, aged thirty-two, was admitted suffering from infantile paralysis. After the doctors and nurses had put up a vain fight to save her life, there came the struggle to save her unborn child, which was delivered by Cæsarian section thirteen minutes after the mother died. A nurse at the hospital is seen holding tiny Hazel Evelyn Sherman, who weighs 4 lb. 14 oz., and who is now reported to be doing well

RETURN from BURMA

The Jungle Fighters Back in England

The Second Division, "The Jungle Fighters," were the men who fought the key battle of Kohima in the Burma campaign. They arrived at Southampton last week in the liners *Strathmore* and *Winchester Castle*. Represented in these two vessels were the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Worcesters, the K.O.Y.L.I., the Dorsets, the Royal Norfolk, the Camerons, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Durham Light Infantry and the Royal Berkshires.

Both General Grover and Lieut.-General Sir Henry Loyd (who commanded the Division early in the war in France) were at Southampton to welcome the men home.

THE LINER "STRATHMORE" COMING ALONGSIDE AT SOUTHAMPTON, HER DECKS CRAMMED WITH MEN OF THE FAMOUS SECOND DIVISION, which beat back the Japs from Kohima and then drove them out of India clear across Burma: The "Strathmore" was one of two vessels which brought the men back to England. ***On left*****—Brigadier M. M. A. R. West, D.S.O. (Commander of the 5th Brigade), who flew home in advance to prepare the way for the returning troops**

ARMISTICE DAY IN PARIS

"The Day of the Martyrs"

On the day before November 11, fifteen tricolor-draped coffins were placed at the Invalides, sanctuary of the military glories of France. In each was the body of a French Patriot, killed during the Resistance to the Germans. Here—before the tomb of the Emperor and near the tomb of Marshal Foch—sailors, soldiers and airmen mounted a guard of honour throughout the night. On the following Day of Remembrance the coffins were conveyed in a ceremonial cortège to the Arc de Triomphe, where they were placed near the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier for the service at which General de Gaulle was the principal figure. Later, the coffins were carried to Mont Valerian, which is to be their last resting-place

THE FIFTEEN SYMBOLIC COFFINS AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE ON ARMISTICE DAY: They commemorated the heroism of the Resistance Movement in France and came from every area of the country. ***On right*****—The last resting-place of the coffins at Mont Valerian, where the bodies of the Patriots were interred after the ceremony on November 11**

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

"A PERIOD OF TRANSITION."—If you read history, you will find that your historian, whatever period he be dealing with, will call it a "period of transition"; and you cannot blame him, since time and tide wait for no man, and mankind is always on the move, altering his status, climbing or slipping back. But the phrase is trite and becomes a joke from over-use. It ever it was apt and true, it is so to-day.

The 1940's are more than a period of transition. This decade is *locus classicus* for topsy-turvy or the melting-pot-boiling-over. And hence one may stand aghast at the evidences everywhere of muddled thinking. Aghast, but not unduly surprised. Has it ever been your fate—it is mine, daily—to feed poultry? The domestic hen is a foolish animal. The mash-pail contains household scrap mixed with a little dusty meal. In this mess, there are often a few hard, indigestible carrot-ends. Your greediest hen snatches the largest of these prizes (because it *is* large), hurries away to safety, and fools about with the fragment (which it cannot swallow), always fearing that the prize will be snatched from it. When at last it abandons the lump as hopeless, it returns to find the trough empty. That is a daily exhibition for me of the folly of hens. I can observe the same greed and lack of logic in my fellow-men to-day. The art of selection and rejection was never more necessary to mankind in our melting-pot era. In the struggle for bare subsistence, we need more than ever before a right judgment. We need to discriminate clearly and swiftly between the lumps that we can't digest and the soft mash which would at least fill our bellies for the day.

Those carrot-ends, as I see it, are the shibboleths and traditions surviving from the age of privilege and leisure (which received its death-blow in 1914 and finally died in 1940). Some, no doubt, may still be digestible—at leisure. Many more should (by a wise hen) be avoided like the plague and not touched at any price.

Our "Carrot-Ends."—You and I, who once had a foot in that age of privilege, still indulge a vague nostalgia for the things which we know in our hearts cannot return in our time. We cling to our houses, which are only practicable as homes, if we can secure domestic labour. We cling to our possessions, which are only a trouble and a curse, unless we have labour or leisure to care for them, or enjoy them. We plan for our children's future on the lines and by the standards current in our own youth. *We* went to Eton or Oxford (or some such), danced gaily through the London seasons, were presented at Court, made friends among our kind, engaged in the competitive showmanship of the right clothes, the right set, the right parties, the fashionable recreations.

We admit that our old world is upside-down, vanished. We do not believe it will return. But we simply cannot scrap the old shibboleths. We seize on the large gobbets because they still look valuable, and, while we sweat to make use of them, the trough of more digestible fare is emptying. As ever, we are sheep; as ever, we cannot find a shepherd. Someone in front (unidentified) jumps, and we all jump.

Take a few examples: food is scarce here. In Europe millions are starving; but some nameless dictators of restaurant fashion demand "evening dress" from their patrons. The wedding garment—the Barmecide's Feast!

Is that not the cart before the horse, the unessential before the essential; muddled thinking? Or worse, not thinking at all. For half the potential patrons are persons who lost all their evening clothes in the blitz or in the war years, and cannot possibly replace them, if they would. So the unlucky are penalised, the war-bereft left out in the cold. And there are few cars or taxis to carry the finely-attired through the muddy, dirty streets.

Over civilisation, the smoke of the first atomic bomb still hangs like a hideous note of interrogation. It poises the questions; Suicide or . . .?; Now or never?; Christianity or Chaos?; Fraternity or Death?

But the old world, which we cannot forget, was built up of barriers between nation and nation, class and class, neighbour and neighbour; self first and the rest nowhere.

Ugly Contrasts.—It is *queer*, and even horrible, if you come to think of it coolly, that in one capital millions are living a troglodyte existence, gnawing turnips, while in another forms and ceremonies belonging to the Age of Privilege are being brought back and refurbished. There good craftsmen would sell their skill for the promise of one meal a day; here thousands down tools for wages that a few years ago (when the nation was *not* bankrupt) would have appeared a fantastic dream. Odd, that on the crater's edge some are digging in the lava with bare hands for a niche of temporary safety for their young, others sweating to secure for their young hereditary titles of nobility. For some, in the brotherhood of humanity, the husks which the swine did eat would be a rich banquet; for others, the restoration of the champagne standard is a clear call to duty.

Mr. H. G. Wells in old age still wears the laurels of a prophet who was right in his lifetime. The younger generation listen to Professor Joad's jeremiads. Both are profoundly pessimistic to-day. Both regard our civilisation, if not *Homo sapiens*, as pretty certainly down and out.

Hear Wells's latest summing-up:

"The writer sees the world as a jaded world devoid of recuperative power. In the past, he has liked to think that Man could pull out of his entanglements and start a new creative phase of human living. In the face of our universal inadequacy, that optimism has given place to a stoical cynicism.

"The old men behave, for the most part, meanly and disgustingly, and the young are spasmodic, foolish and all too easily misled. Man must go steeply up or down, and the odds seem to be all in favour of his going down and out."

You may agree, or you may dissent. If you agree, you may justify our muddled thinking to-day by recalling the parallel of the Aristocrats of the French Revolution. They went to the tumbrils, from which there was no escape, gracefully, even gaily, with close attention to the polite (and absurd) conventions of their age of privilege and leisure. They bowed and scraped and flirted fans and handkerchiefs. "Evening dress" for a starvation diet. Ceremonial on the crater's edge. *Que voulez-vous?* But, if you dissent from Wells's gloomy verdict, even so, you cannot totally acquit your kind of very muddled thinking.

Muddled Thinking.—Listen for a moment to the conflicting voices of Babel, the bubbles and squeaks of our melting-pot:

"Wanted, to share domestic duties (no rough) in pleasant country house..."

"Dear Sir, We have decided to have the larger tiara reset."

"For God's sake, send our people a little fat . . ."

"Mother, do I put *The Hon.* Mrs Smith?"

"Goodness, Lucy, it's nearly dinnertime! Has anyone *washed up* luncheon?"

"Two Viscounts, seven Barons, fourteen Baronets and 103 Knights in the new Honours List . . ."

"No admission except in evening dress."

"No fish, no matches, no cooking-fat to-day."

"Business as usual."

"Widespread strikes continue."

"Big drive for exports."

"Coal output still falling."

"We cannot afford to disregard Air Raid Precautions."

"The Guards will return to scarlet uniforms."

"We shall build skyscraper flats for the rural workers."

"We must enlarge and deepen air-raid shelters."

Muddled thinking, among the sheep and their so-called shepherds.

THREE OCEAN GIANTS WITH GREAT RECORDS seen together at adjoining berths in the Hudson River at New York City: On the left is the *Queen Mary*, holder of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. In the centre the U.S. battleship *Missouri*, 45,000-ton man-o'-war, on whose quarterdeck the Japanese surrender was signed in Tokyo Bay, and on the right the *Europa*, former German luxury liner and one-time holder of the Atlantic record, and now being used as an American troopship

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

THE Trojan Women and *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden* (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The journey to Hammersmith was made happy for me for the second play in this double bill. It is but a trifle. But what a delicious one! The scene is America, though with a Greek temple in the background (of which more anon). An American family of four are motoring along and making amusing comments all the time. That is all. Of course, they are not really motoring, and are, in fact, sitting on chairs, which wobble about when the car is supposed to come to a stop. Miss Joan Young, Miss Gabrielle Blunt and Mr. Alexander Archdale all added to it by their clever acting.

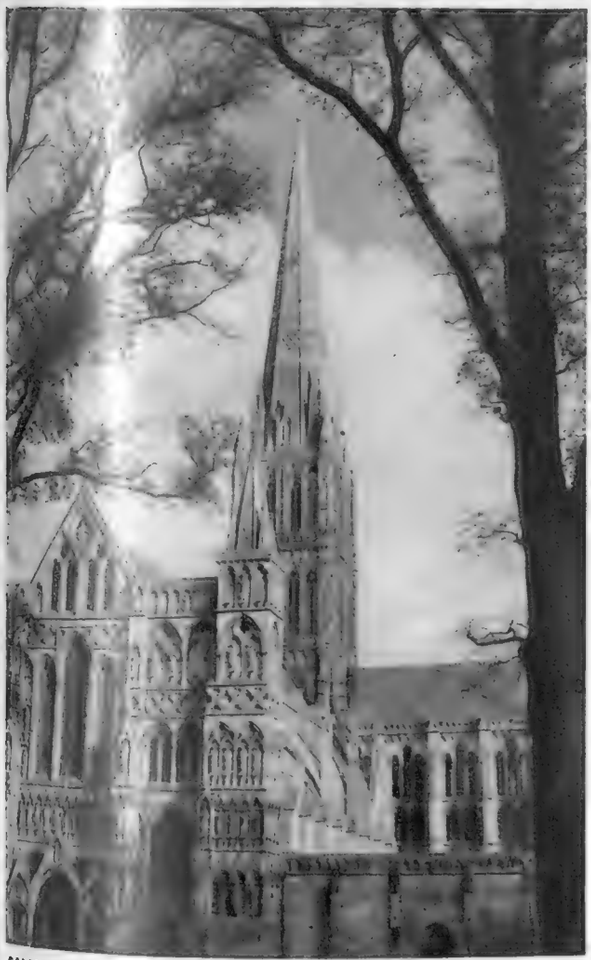
Obviously this was a determined attempt to make the production of the Euripides classic original and talked-about. So far it may be considered successful. I can see no other reason for dressing this gloomy tragedy in so variegated a fashion. The fine performances of Miss Marie Ney (welcome after six years' absence) as Hecuba and Miss Eileen Herlie as Andromache brought reality to this fantasy. If Greek tragedy is to be burlesqued, one should go the whole hog. I recall with joy the burlesque by Pelissier's "Follies" of *Œdipus Rex*. They called it *Adipose Wrecks*.

"THE TROJAN WOMEN," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith: A picture taken during a rehearsal of Mr. Kinchin Smith's modern translation of Euripides' play, the first performance of which was on November 8 last. Miss Marie Ney (centre) gives a brilliant performance as Hecuba, and this occasion signalises her return to the English stage after her long absence in the Far East and South Africa

The Gambler (Embassy).—As the title may possibly suggest, this play is about gambling. The period is 1874, the scene a town on the Rhine, and nearly all the many characters are Russians. The basis is a novel by Dostoevsky; but I fear it does not make a good play, since roulette being played on the stage—and not much else happens—cannot be of much interest to an audience. Good production and dresses, and it is well acted.

A VIEW LOOKING UP AT THE SPIRE, SHOWING ITS SLIGHT LEAN TO THE SOUTH-WEST (which is to the right of the picture). The spire is 404 ft. high, and is a conspicuous landmark for miles around

SALISBURY SPIRE in DANGER



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AND ITS LOVELY SPIRE: The Cathedral was begun in 1220 and completed in 1258 A.D. The spire was added 100 years later: it weighs 6,000 tons

NARROW AND TWISTING STONE STEPS which lead to the base of the spire: There are six hundred of them

THE IRON BAND WHICH WREN PUT AROUND THE TOWER to strengthen the small base of the spire: This band has rusted, however, and in expanding burst the stone in which it is embedded

LONG AFTER WREN, Sir Gilbert Scott put fresh iron bands round the tower to strengthen it and to give support to the enormous weight of the lofty and slender spire

The Consulting Architect to the Cathedral, Mr. W. A. Forsyth, has sounded the alarm for the safety of Salisbury Cathedral spire, loftiest and loveliest in England. When the war began, the plan to safeguard it was shelved: it was then 22 ins. out of true—and the situation has not been improved during the years between. It was in 1930 that the trouble began: during the great gale of that year the spire moved for the first time in 300 years, causing cracks to appear. But even before that, the spire had worried the authorities. It was added 100 years after the completion of the Cathedral itself, the tower being heightened considerably for the purpose, with the result that the spire rests on a tiny base never intended to carry its great weight of 6,000 tons. Wren strengthened it by putting an iron band round the base, but the iron rusted and burst the stone in which it was embedded

ONE OF THE VERY DANGEROUS CRACKS which are now to be seen in the tower as a result of the great pressure from the spire

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A WEEK OF UNUSUAL BOOKS

Two Single-handed Voyages Across the Atlantic; An English Governess in Siam; The Exploits of a Ballerina; Antediluvian World Affairs; Two Further Volumes in the "Discussions on Art" Series

THIS is the week of unusual books. Not one of the novels follows a prosaic pattern; not one of the other books is undistinguished. How fortunate, then, is the reader who has between eight and sixteen shillings to spend and who can hurry off to his bookseller to get one on this list before they are all out of print.

First of all, **WIND ALOFT, WIND ALOW** (Peter Davies. 16s.), to me the most attractive of the collection; an account of two single-handed voyages across the Atlantic, one made under sail, one in a power boat. The author is the intrepid sailor himself, M. Marin-Marie, who is of the gallant company of lone sailors with Alain Gerbault, Grahame, Slocum, Voss, and the rest. Besides being a sailor of such distinction, the author is also a well-known marine artist, and has held many exhibitions of sea subjects. Quite by the way, he is also something of a wit.

The present book—or, rather, the French manuscript from which it has been translated—was finished by the summer of 1939, but wartime difficulties have postponed its publication and prevented the author from seeing his first book through the press himself. It was, in fact, only quite recently that the publishers learned of the present health and safety of Monsieur Marin-Marie, the *nom-de-plume* of M. M.-M. Durand de St. Front.

To fellow-sailors the chief merit of the writer's story will no doubt be the exquisite accuracy with which he records his sailing experiences and explains the devices by which he managed to sail his boats single-handed, with a margin of safety and of physical comfort. To readers like myself, to whom a brisk blow in the Solent is equal to half a gale at sea, the great charm of the writing lies partly in the ingenuity of his methods, partly in the humour which informs every chapter and partly in the high sense of adventure at which he seems to scoff but which is clearly revealed in the single sentence endorsed on his ship's papers: "Crew: nil. Destination: the high seas."

A BARGAIN PAINTING IS REVEALED AS A £6,000 TITIAN: A new art find in New York. A painting by Titian, worth more than £6,000, was uncovered when a restorer scraped away the dirt of 400 years from a painting recently auctioned in New York for £21. The canvas is of Eleonora, sister of the Duke of Ferrara and niece of Alphonso I of Italy. Tiziano Vecelli, greatest of Venetian painters, whose name has been Anglicised as Titian, presented the portrait to Tasco, Italian poet, who became insane through love of the beautiful girl. Sigmund Rothchild, Jnr., the restorer who brought the picture to light, is seen in this picture working on the restoration

The little English governess, mild-mannered but a rigid disciplinarian, has been for more than a hundred years one of this country's unique exports. Beneath her staid appearance has been hidden an unexpected power; the influence which she has exerted over her pupils while engaged in the humdrum task of giving them an elementary education in her own language and in her possibly limited curriculum.

I suppose that no little governess ever went further afield than Mrs. Anna Leonowens, who was appointed governess to the royal harem at the Court of Siam in the 1860's. She was a slight, pretty woman, a widow with two young children, of whom one was at school in England and one lived with her in Bangkok. She was also a woman of extraordinary courage and determination, and she exerted an influence on that absolute monarch, King Mongkut, and on his young son which was to result later in the abolition of slavery in their country.

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) reads like fiction, but it is based throughout on facts collected through years of research by Margaret Landon, who read through scores of old Siamese records, private diaries, Consular records and the published writing of Anna herself who, in the '70's, brought out two stiff but apparently popular books about her experiences.

The contrast between Anna, with her lavender and grey crinolines, and the barbaric richness of the Court she was to attend is piquant to a degree, but the emotion changes to something deeper and more grim when it concerns the contrast between Anna's liberal ideas and the constantly-enforced practices of slavery, torture and mutilation which the King allowed.

Anna was at the Court for nearly six years, and during that time she went through every degree of humiliation, which was sometimes physical, and every degree of adulation, even to veneration. The King, on whose English, incidentally, the author has an amusing chapter, was a capricious and often a revoltingly cruel tyrant who ordered savage sentences to be carried out even on young girls who had displeased him in some way. He veered between insane rages and a genuine and intelligent appreciation of literary and philosophical thought.

Again and again he would send for Anna at two or three o'clock in the morning and she would hurry through the courtyard, guarded by Amazon women, and fearing some terrible crisis of illness or some outburst of sadism, only to be met by the sight of the King, lying on his stomach on the ground, reading an English book and anxious to know the meaning of a particular word. It was not a peaceful life that Anna led.

I believe that in Hollywood they are going to make a film of this extraordinary story, and I look forward to seeing it. Certainly no extravagance of the Californian studios can exceed the strangeness of Anna's life with her royal Siamese pupils.

Those irrepressible authors, Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, are back again, this time with a ballet story, **SIX CURTAINS FOR STROGANOVA** (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.). Like all their work, it is light and fantastic, but, unlike their recent books, it has a single plot; the story of a man's life, which is also the story of his ballet company.

Now little Vladimir Strogonoff, master of the ballet which bears his name, is an optimist, an enthusiast and altogether rather a pet, but it just happens that his company is not so hot. His chief ballerina, and the cause of all the trouble, is his wife, to whom in a moment of passionate devotion, he has promised six curtains at the end of her performance. Neither in Omsk nor in St. Petersburg, nor in London, does she ever get them, but this book is the story of her frenzied attempts, by all manners of threats and cajolery, to achieve her dream.

The whole of this Natasha's relations with her Vladimir are affected by his promise. Sometimes it seems that she is certain to get the sixth rise and fall of the curtain that means so much to her; once she steps forward to take it but falls flat on the floor as she trips over an ill-placed foot. Once the little Czarevich wanders on to the stage and disrupts the company at the crucial moment. Whatever happens, Natasha is always out of luck, constantly threatening to leave bed and boards for the Diaghilev company and turning on nicely-timed tantrums at strategic moments.

Even the most serious of balletomanes must enjoy this frivolity. As for the non-frequenter of ballets, let him read, mark and learn. He will certainly never find the ballet a more amusing experience than it is in this book.

Mr. Shamus Fraser enjoys himself in his new novel, **BLOW YOUR TRUMPETS** (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.), which is a fanciful and satirical reconstruction of the social life of Noah and his family. The story is set against a background of antediluvian world affairs in which both good and bad archangels, in human form and with mixed motives, participate.

There is a war between these forces of good and evil, and that is followed by the disintegrations of the peace, and the rather arbitrary heavenly decision to destroy the human race except for the Noah tribe. Even so, these poor things have a very disagreeable time voyaging about in the Ark and waiting for the flood to subside, when they totter out on to dry land with their exhausted animals.

As an amusing parody of our own times this story has its points, and all those points are extremely sophisticated. The author claims that the prophet Enoch and some of the commentaries of St. Augustine furnished evidence for his background material and adds that he has tried to interpret Enoch's writing on the wall, thinking perhaps that it was not too late to put salt on the tail of irresponsible Science. Mr. Fraser tells us that his book was written partly in desert tents and partly in the jungle, and adds that the original design for the map of the antediluvian kingdoms was nibbled in one corner by some jungle creature!

In spite of these difficulties and depredations, his book remains fresh, amusing and an excellent cautionary story for adults.

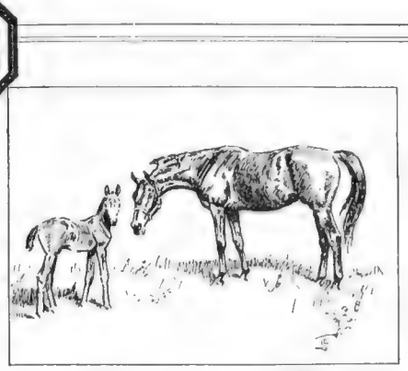
Two further volumes in the series of "Discussions on Art" have been published by the Avalon Press at 8s. each. These are **DUTCH PAINTING**, for which Mr. J. B. Manson has written the letterpress, and **FLEMISH PAINTING**, written by Professor Emile Cammaerts. As in the case of the two earlier volumes, which dealt with British and French paintings respectively, the illustrations are an essential part of the production, and although only two or three of them in each case can be reproduced in colour, the remaining forty-odd in monochrome do give one at least a glimpse of the riches that exist in the different genres.

THE COAT THAT SAVED HIS LIFE: General Morris Abraham Cohen, who for the past twenty years has been financial adviser to China's President, Chiang Kai-shek, has arrived in this country from Canada. He brought with him a coat of padded silk, lent to him by Dr. H. H. Kung, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law and China's Finance Minister. General Cohen was interned for twenty-one months in a Japanese concentration camp, and he wore the coat under his clothing to deaden the blows from the beatings he received at the hands of the Japanese. He is certain that the coat saved his life. General Cohen was born in Commercial Road, East London, and emigrated to Canada at the age of seventeen

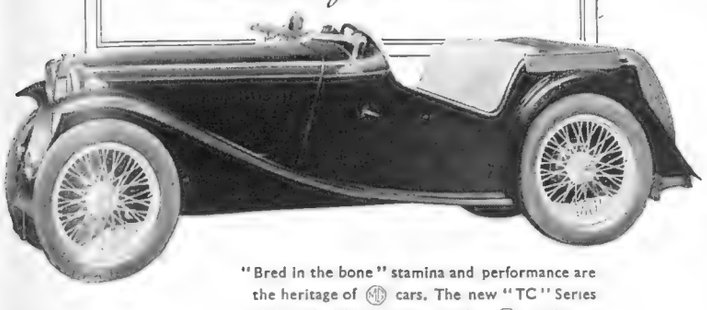
The SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

ROBERT and MICHAEL. The mother of these two little boys died before the father could reach home from overseas. There was nobody to look after them. They eventually found refuge in The Shaftesbury Homes. Will you please help us in caring for them? All donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

MG



Maintaining the Breed



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by Macdonald & Muir

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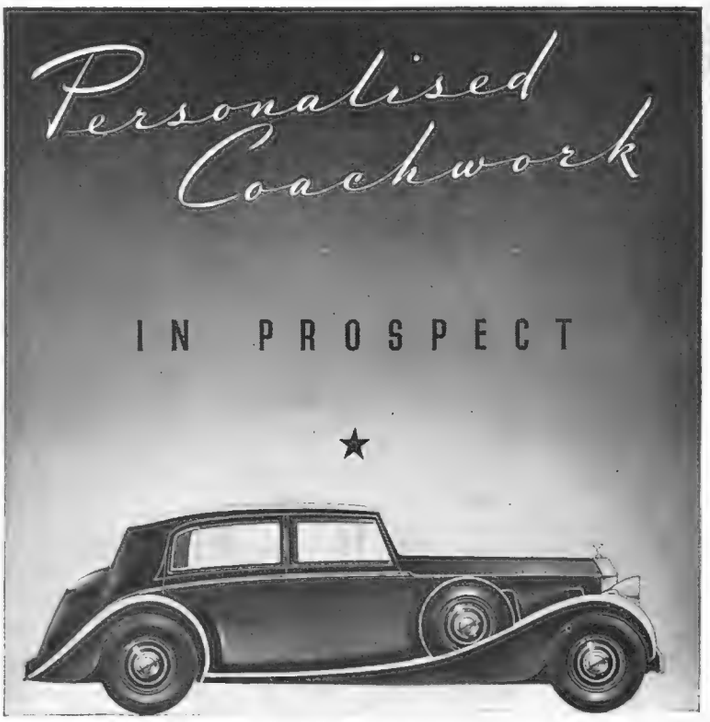

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Painted by Keith Henderson.

THIS is a State Registered Nurse on the staff of a large chemical works. She entered the chemical industry in 1939 and was employed first in the works ambulance room, being promoted to her present position of Sister in 1944. Medical services in the chemical industry have advanced a long way from the original first-aid rooms designed to deal with accidents. Indeed first-aid has ceased to be the only function of the qualified nurse in industry. Among other important duties she helps in maintaining the health and happiness of the employees under the direction of the works medical officer. She has to keep a close watch for the earliest signs of illness and treat carefully what at first sight may appear to be injuries of only a trifling character. Equally important is the need for her to be a guide, counsellor and friend to all and sundry. A tactful and skilful nurse will so gain the confidence of her fellow-workers that they will turn to her almost automatically not only for help at the first signs of illness or even the most minor injuries but even for advice in their domestic difficulties. She assists in controlling the spread of infectious disease and preventing serious complications after accidents. Equally her personality can play a large part in easing the worry or anxiety of employees. Industrial nursing plays an important part in the chemical industry today. It is recognised that only by employing trained and qualified nurses can the medical service of the industry succeed in maintaining the health and happiness of the worker.

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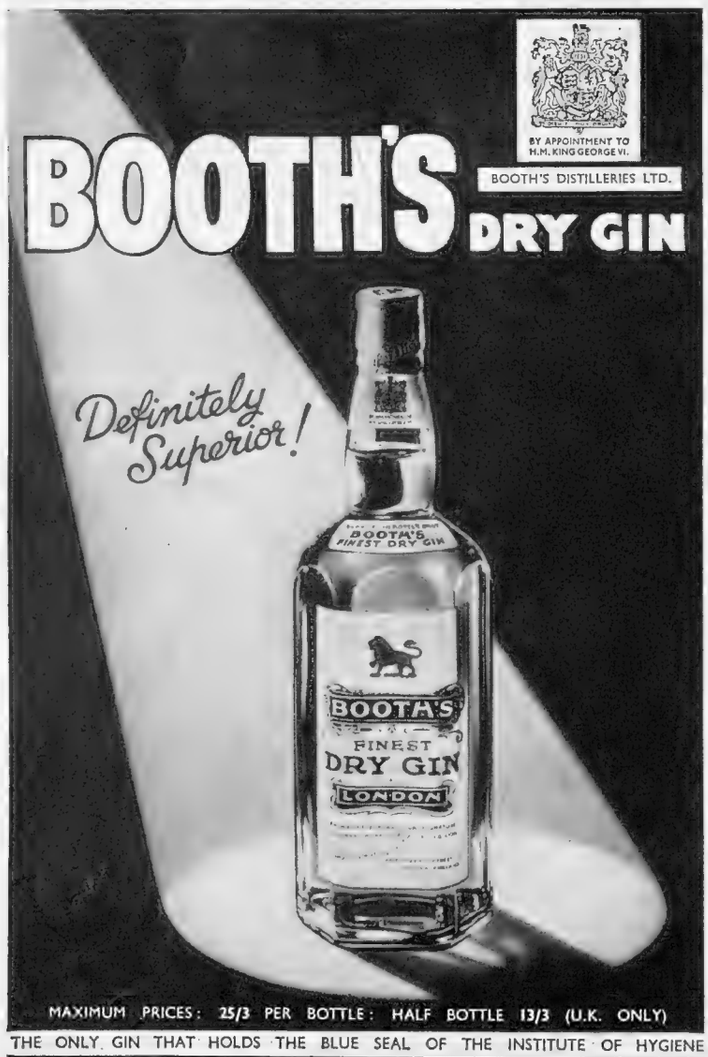

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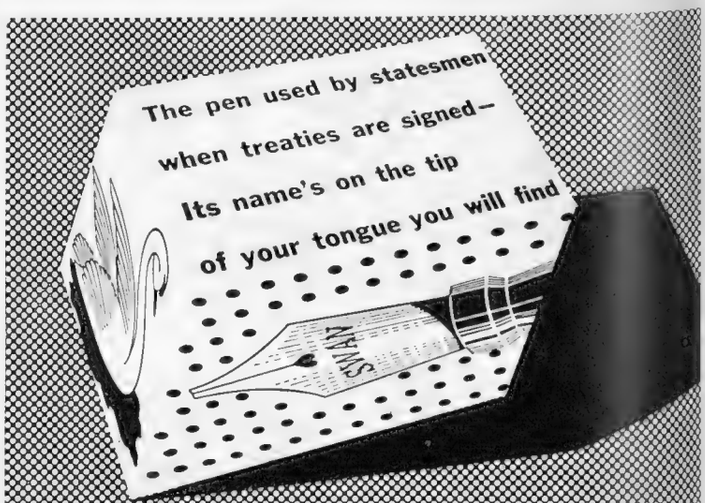

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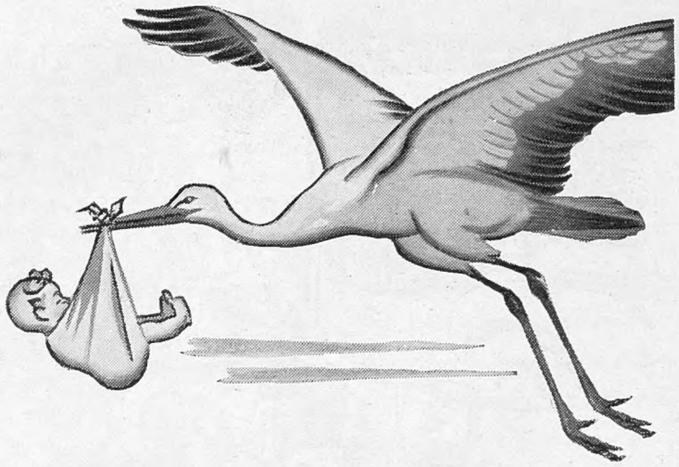

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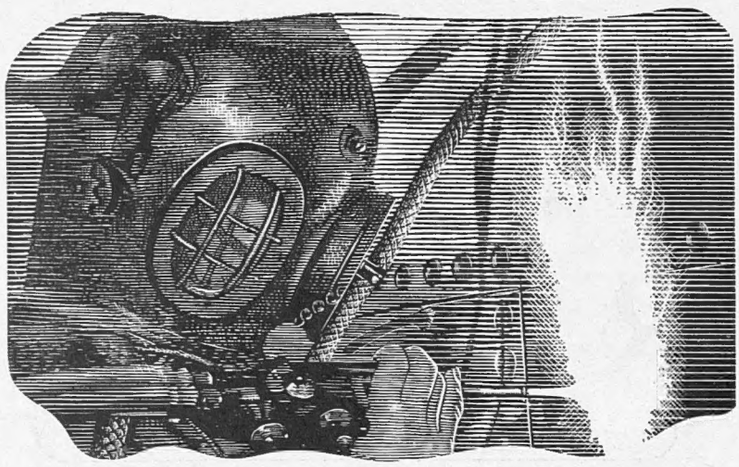

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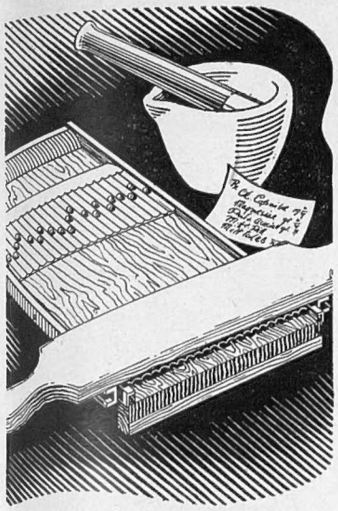

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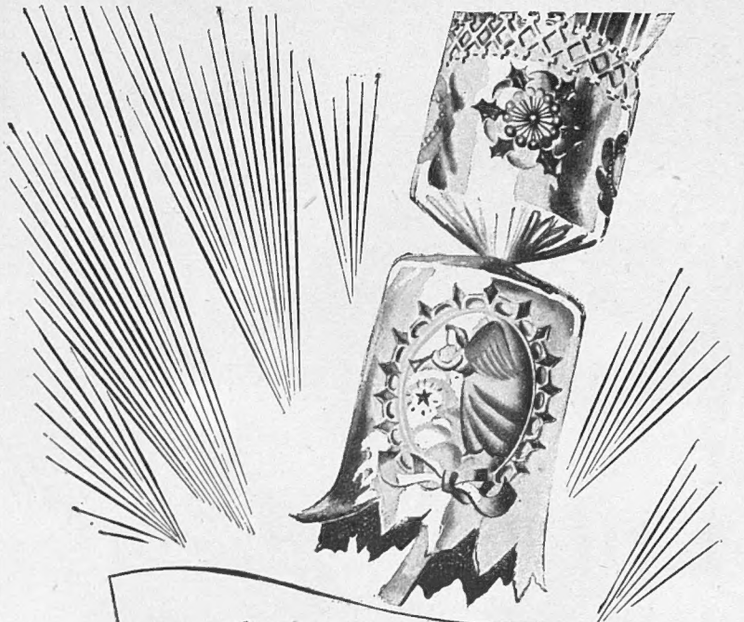

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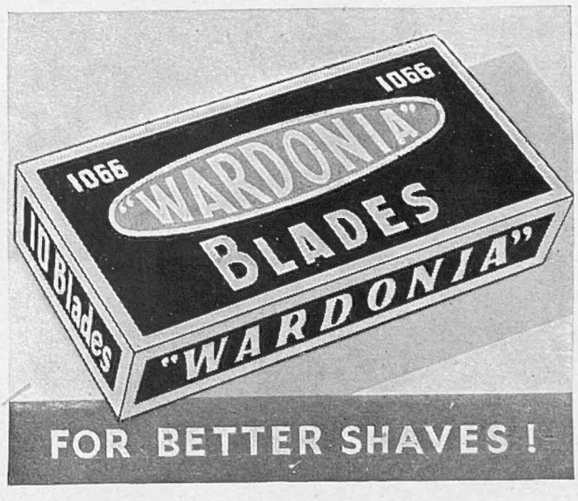

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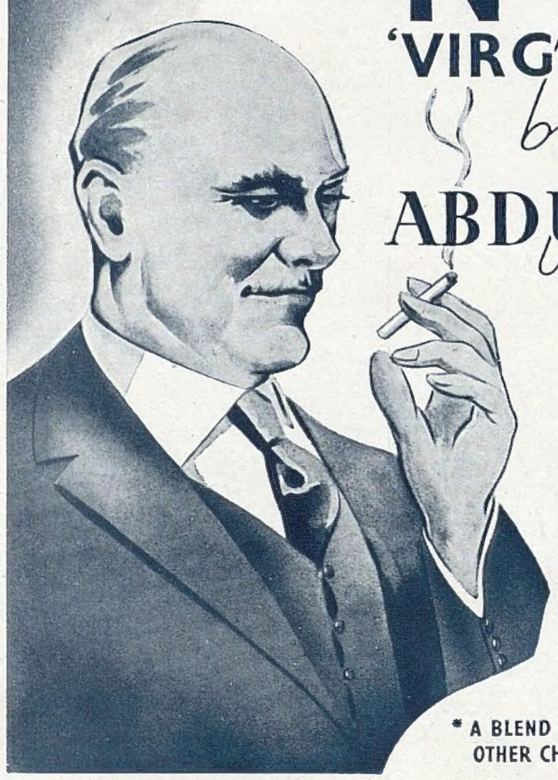

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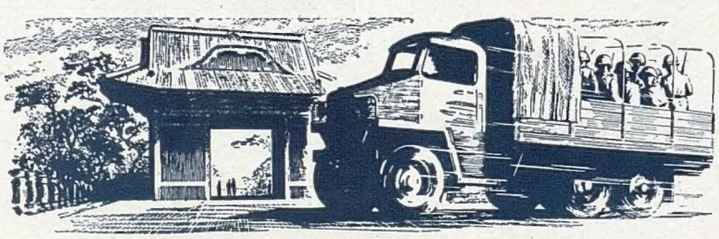

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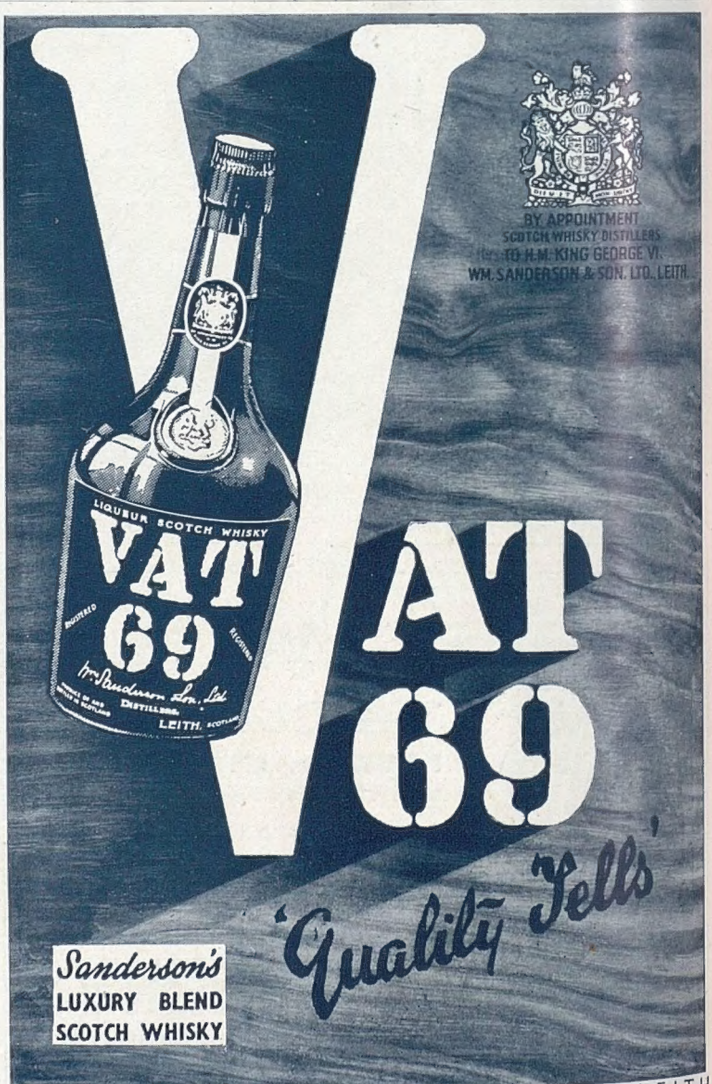

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